Lilliput

JULY 1945

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LILLIPUT

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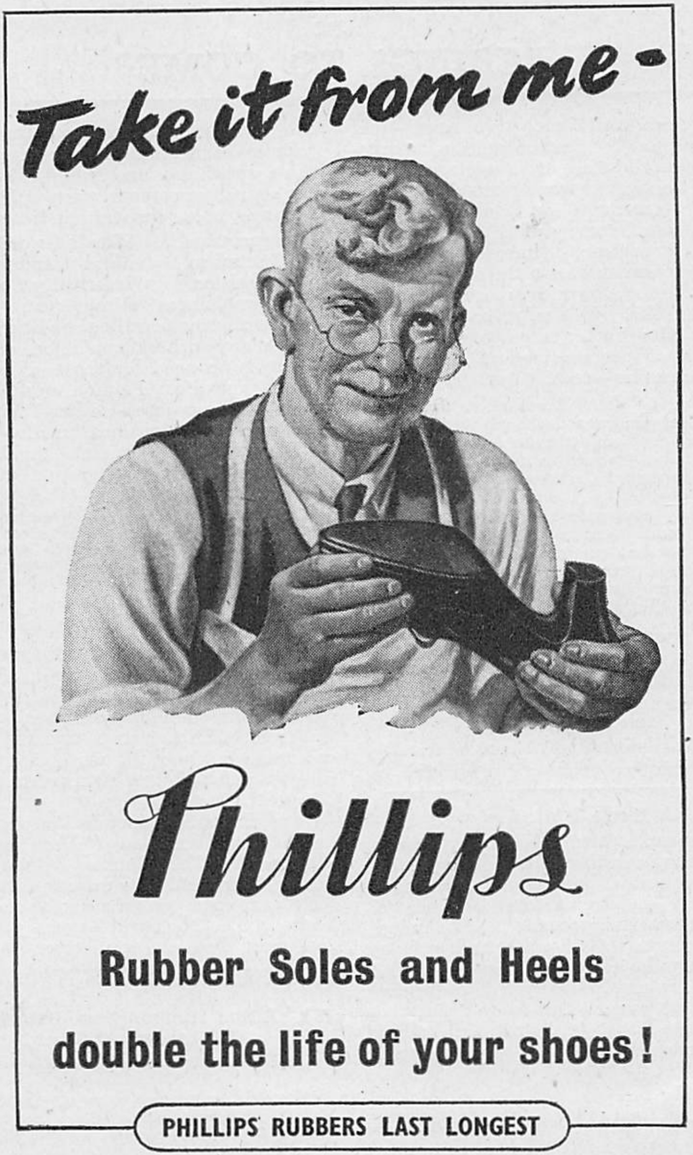

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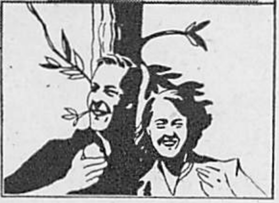

Never let background details ' steal the picture ' as in the diagram. Choose a background that is simple and either much lighter or much darker than your subject. For portraits, sky makes an ideal background.

When you have no choice and must make the best of a poor background, take care about what is directly behind your subject—snaps are so easily spoilt if, for example, things apparently grow out of peoples' heads.

By the way—Moving the camera, even slightly, while you press the shutter prevents the picture from being sharp. Learn to ' click ' with a slow pressure of the thumb or finger only—movement of wrist or forearm tends to jog the camera. It is best to stand with feet apart, camera in both hands, and elbows tucked firmly to your sides.

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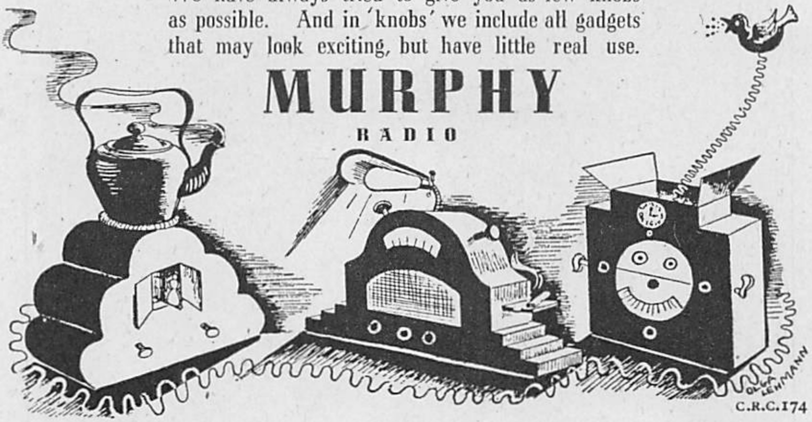

C.R.C.174

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In emergency rations issued to sailors, soldiers, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

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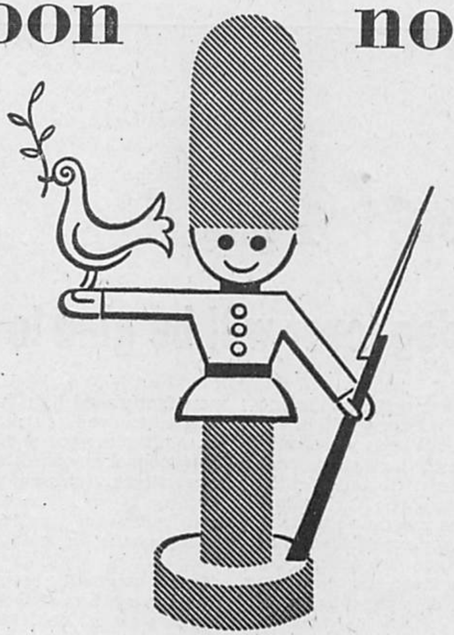

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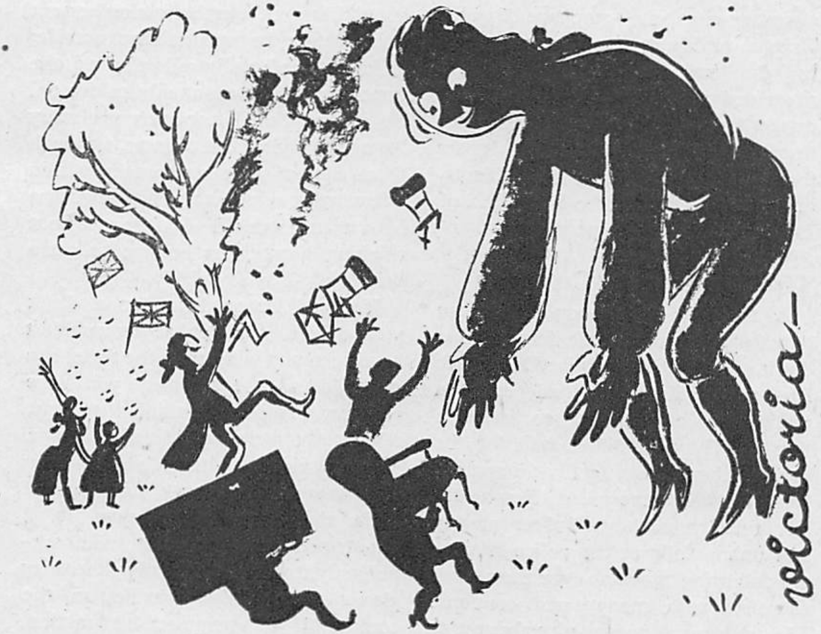


Gulliver Celebrates the Peace

THE little Soho pub, where the crooks go, was making V-Day holiday. The dingy rococo ceiling was lined with Allied flags. The dingy rococo barmaids were lined with red, white and blue ribbons. The publican, lined in a silk shirt with his monogram worked into it and displaying an identity disc made out of a golden half-sovereign, oozed peace at every pore. Outside, a street musician trumpeted "There'll always be an England." And all the boys and girls of the underworld crowded happily into the little bar, throwing crumpled notes into the pools of beer, and drinking, with noisy enthusiasm, to peace and Allied victory.

The rejoicings must have come from the heart, as the plain clothes cop, who was keeping an eye on things in the corner, pointed out, because it was difficult to imagine how any of the regular patrons of this joint were going to make good: or, at any rate, do as well for themselves out of the peace as they had out of the war. But, on V-Day, the underworld, like everybody else, wasn't thinking of work, or the problems of the future. To the surprise of the police, the con. men, the smash-and-grabbers, the black marketeers, even the bottle party boys, celebrated V-Day in London with a spontaneous—well, an almost spontaneous—stoppage of work. True, a confidence man was so inspired by the occasion that he actually succeeded in selling somebody a gold nugget (the first time the old dodge has been pulled off for years). But, apart from a few pick-pocketing incidents, crime was as rare in the West End of London on V-Day, as taxis.

The Colonel's Camera

As the plain clothes cop said: it can only have been patriotic fervour that did it. Not since Armistice Day, 1918, has the underworld had such a marvellous opportunity to reap a harvest. Women didn't wait for the bag-snatchers: they literally threw their handbags about the place. But nearly all of them, when they called repentantly and unhopefully at the police stations the following morning, got them back complete with money and coupons. The underworld was as nice about it as that.

In the whole of V-Day, the plain clothes cop in the crooks' pub said that, only once, were "the boys" tempted. That was when an American colonel drifted in with an expensive miniature camera on his shoulder.

And, even then, "the boys" didn't think of themselves. They offered the camera—and, across our hearts, this is a true story—they offered it to the plain clothes cop as a V-Day present. They said to him "You're interested in cameras, Guv'nor, aren't you?" The cop said, yes; as a matter of fact, he was a keen amateur photographer. "All right," said the boys. "Just go outside a minute, and you can have that one." And the only reason the cop didn't get the embarrassing present was because he wouldn't go outside; he knew "the boys" wouldn't pinch the camera while he was actually looking on. So, although the American was already "ganged" against the counter, although there was an open razor ready within a few inches of the strap, he didn't lose his camera after all. And he went out thinking how clever he was to get a drink on V-Day so quickly.

If you'd dropped in for a drink yourself, it's probable that you wouldn't have been any wiser than the American officer as to the company you were keeping. You might think that some of the customers looked rather tough. You wouldn't, unless you'd been celebrating in a big way, have pushed aside the scarred gentleman in a pin-striped dove-grey suit, who surprisingly was helping to carry the dirty glasses from the bar tables to the counter. If you'd enquired his function, you'd have been told he was "the minder;" meaning that his duties were to see that all the customers minded their own business. What you wouldn't

have been told is that the scars on the minder's face were razor slashes and that the minder himself was, in peacetime, a smash-and-grab raider. His war job is to drive fast cars round the country and carry off poultry and eggs for the black market. But, on V-Day, "the minder" was resting, and at peace with the world. All the tough customers were.

Fun in the Streets

"Surely," we said, "it isn't all respectable."

"Depends what you mean by respectable," said the cop. "If you'd been in Piccadilly Circus last night you'd have seen a woman take all her clothes off and throw 'em to the crowd."

"What did the crowd do?" we said.

"They got somebody to put a searchlight on her."

"Anything else?"

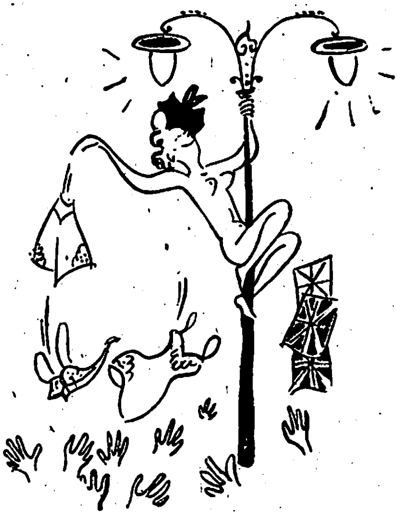
"Yes. A Canadian climbed on top of a hoarding to get a better view, fell over the back of it down two stories of bomb wreckage, and finished up in an emergency water tank. He was in there half-an-hour before we could get him out."

"Was he hurt?"

"He'd broken his thigh, but he didn't know anything about it. He was quite surprised when we told him."

"If he didn't know he'd broken his thigh," we said, "how did he know enough to prevent himself from drowning in the tank?"

"He didn't know he was in the tank till we told him. He didn't remember anything. But the fact is he floated. Perhaps his pockets were full of ping-pong balls."



"Have you had any trouble with drunks?" we said.

"Good as gold. We had one chap, in red, white and blue socks, who climbed a lamp-post in Piccadilly, and passed out when he got to the top. But it was all right. He stuck up there. And, after he'd had a bit of a sleep, we poked him down."

"Bonfires," the cop went on, "are what we have to keep a real eye on. This evening, for instance, in Green Park, they started burning the park chairs."

"Any particular reason?" we asked.

"Yes," said the cop. "Somebody said that, now the war was over, they wanted some nice new upholstered chairs in the park: so they started by burning the old ones. A tree caught light, too. And we had to call out the Fire Brigade. Then the crowd climbed over the engine and all the springs broke, and a man did an acrobatic act on the end of the escape ladder. The result is the fire's still burning.

"The street performers who do damn fool things, like standing on one leg and picking up boxes of matches with their teeth, they've made a packet. What they do is get a crowd by doing something silly, and they have stooges in the crowd to start throwing money at them. In no time, it becomes a game which all the crowd start playing. And "the boys" are picking up a packet.

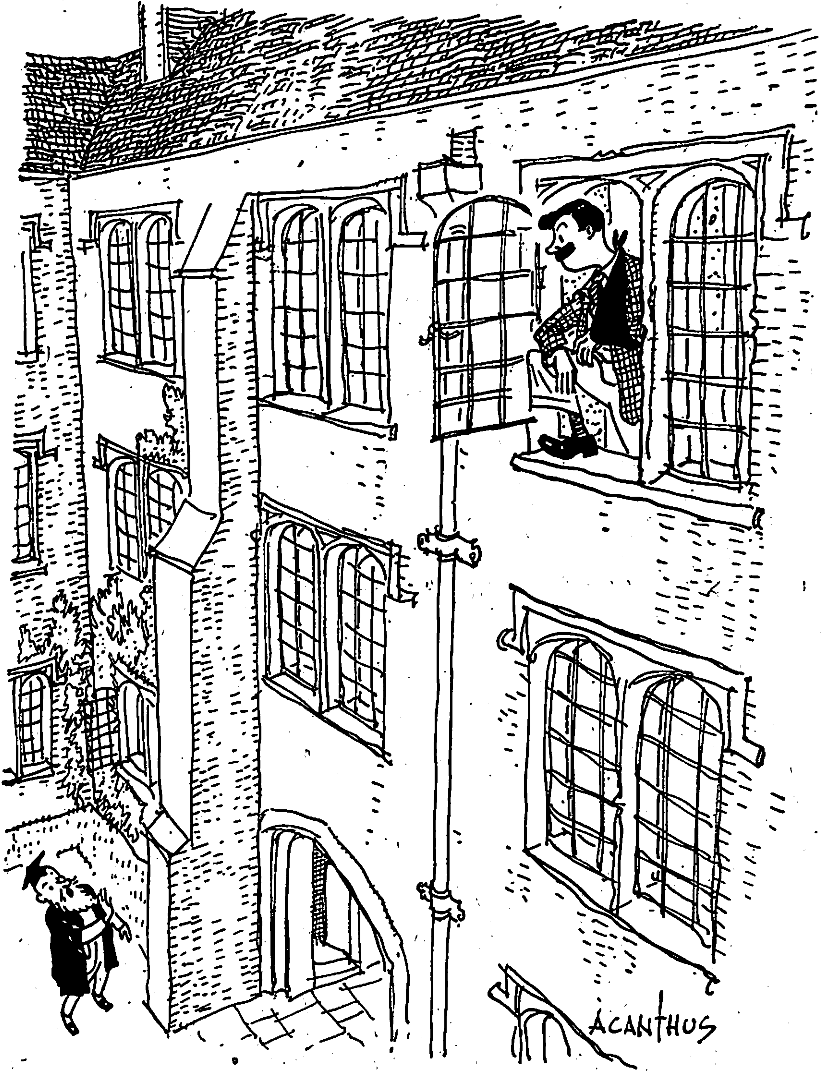
Introducing a New Glass Trick

"A clever idea," we said.

"Talking of clever ideas, I'll tell you something really clever. There's a spry chap round the corner here runs a little pub. He bought it for a couple of hundred quid during the blitz days when you could get anything for a song. And, in the past four years, he's made about thirty thousand quid. Do you know what he did for V-Day? He put up a big notice "Free Beer" and, when the crowds poured in, he said the beer's here but I've run out of glasses. Bring in your own glasses and you can have what you like. So what happened? People went to all the places round about and pinched glasses, which they brought in to be filled up with free beer. When they'd drunk the beer they left the glasses behind. So, for the price of a cask of beer costing about six quid, this bloke collected enough glasses to keep him going for another year."

The crooks' pub was getting fuller and noisier as the night of VE2 drew to closing time. As he was talking I saw the cop eyeing the clock. The publican, out of his white silk shirt with the monogram on it, was looking at the clock and the cop, too. They were both thinking there mustn't be any accidents to spoil the most law-abiding two days in Soho's history. Suddenly, the publican faded out of the bar and, a moment later, he reappeared with the cornet-player from outside. The cop looked on wonderingly. The publican winked. The cornet-player, after imbibing a drink, played a march. The underworld cheered him gleefully. Then, solemnly, under the instruction of the publican, the musician, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, stamped out of the bar up the street with the most notorious bunch of ruffians in London frolicking behind him like lambs. As the last one disappeared, the publican clapped an iron gate over the pub door as heavy as the gates of Pentonville prison. He'd closed, without a fight, dead on time. Even "the minder," through the pattern of razor slashes on his face, made a grimace that was nearly a smile. The victory celebrations were over. To-morrow, the underworld, like everybody else, would be back at work.

Lemuel Gulliver.



"Now forget Arnhem, my boy, and come down by the stairs."

by Clarence A. Mills

How to Get Your Boy Made President

EVERY mother may not expect her son to become President or sit among the nation's mighty, but she hopes to see him rise somewhat above the common level. She and her husband can, if they will, greatly increase the son's chances for success in life. The child's hereditary background becomes definitely fixed when his parents wed, but the activation of his inherited abilities is largely determined by the physical environment under which he is conceived and lives.

Prospective parents of middle temperate latitudes should keep in mind that their own bodily vigour goes through a yearly cycle, rising to a peak in the spring, declining sharply through summer heat, and then recovering again during the autumn and winter. Among the thousands of prominent people in *Who's Who*, conceptions rose steadily through winter cold to a high spring peak and then declined sharply to the year's low point in midsummer. . . .

Washington and Lincoln were both born in February. Their greatness was probably due to the fact that they were conceived in May at the year's peak of vitality, for American pre-eminence has always been closely associated with spring conceptions. Twenty-seven of our 31 presidents were conceived during the eight months from December to July, and only four during the remaining third of the year. Not a single President was conceived in August heat, or born during May or June. Eleven of the 31 were conceived the first quarter of the year, 10 in the second, 4 in the third, and 6 in the fourth.

Let those figures be your guide in choosing the season of conception for your children—not in the hope that each of them will become world-famous if properly conceived, but simply so that they may be given this potent advantage in later life. . . .

See to it that your offspring never look back as adults and blame you for lack of such thoughtfulness.

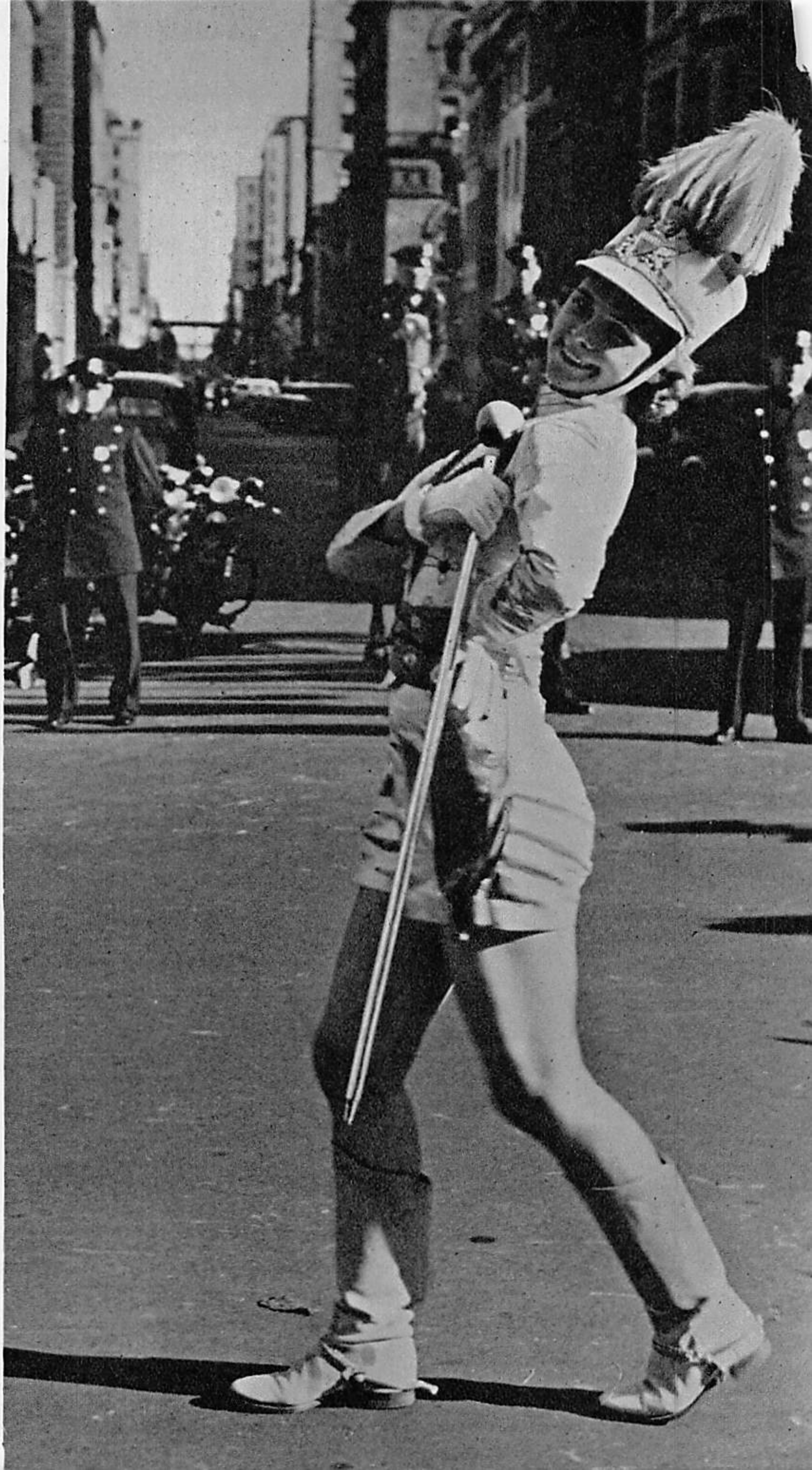
From "Climate Makes the Man," published by Victor Gollancz.

MUIR LONDON

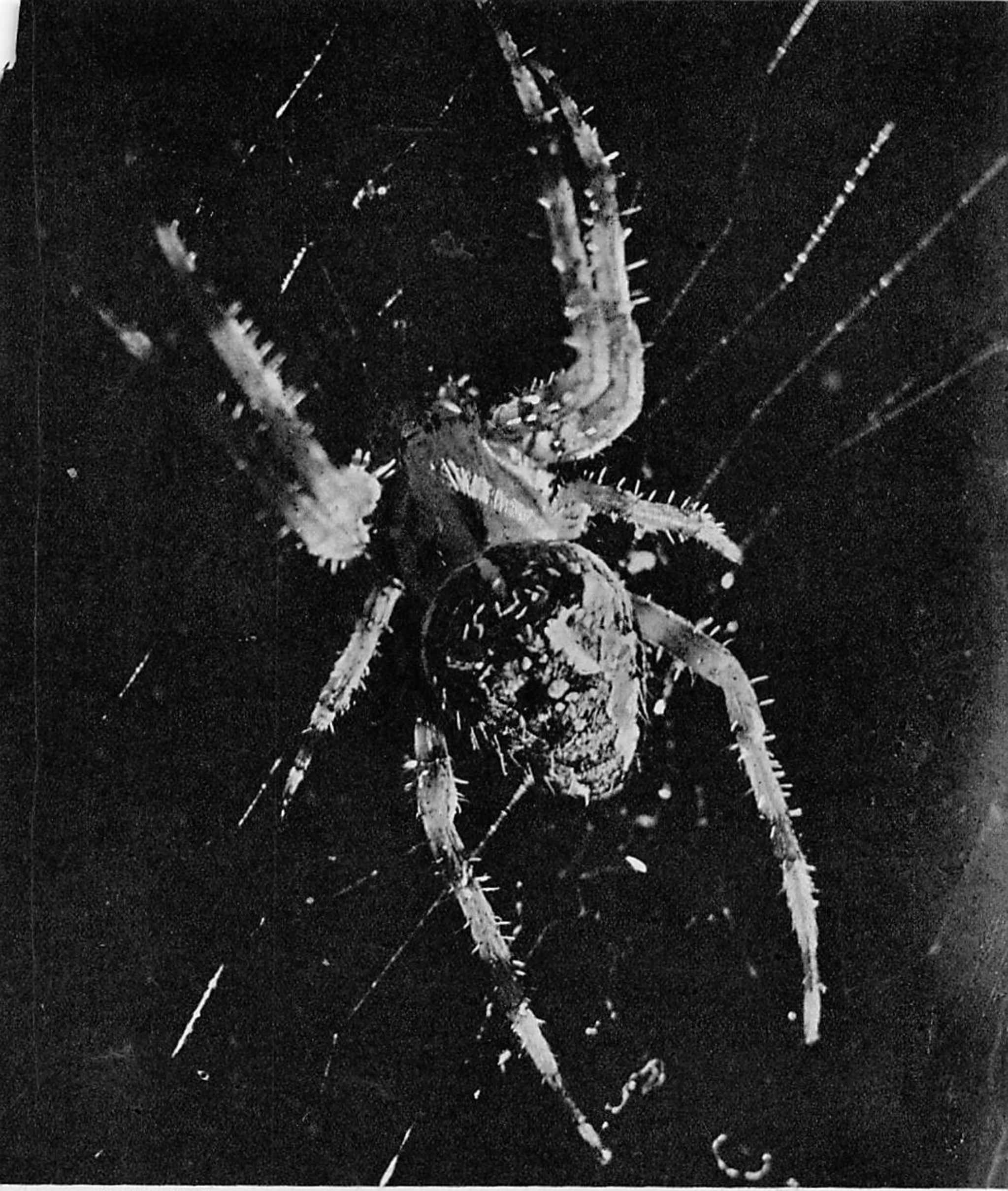
BARLEY SUGAR

7

THE ROAD
TO
SAMARKAND



THE WAY
TO FIFTH
AVENUE



BLACK STAR LONDON

EPEIRA CUCURBITINA

(*Spider*)

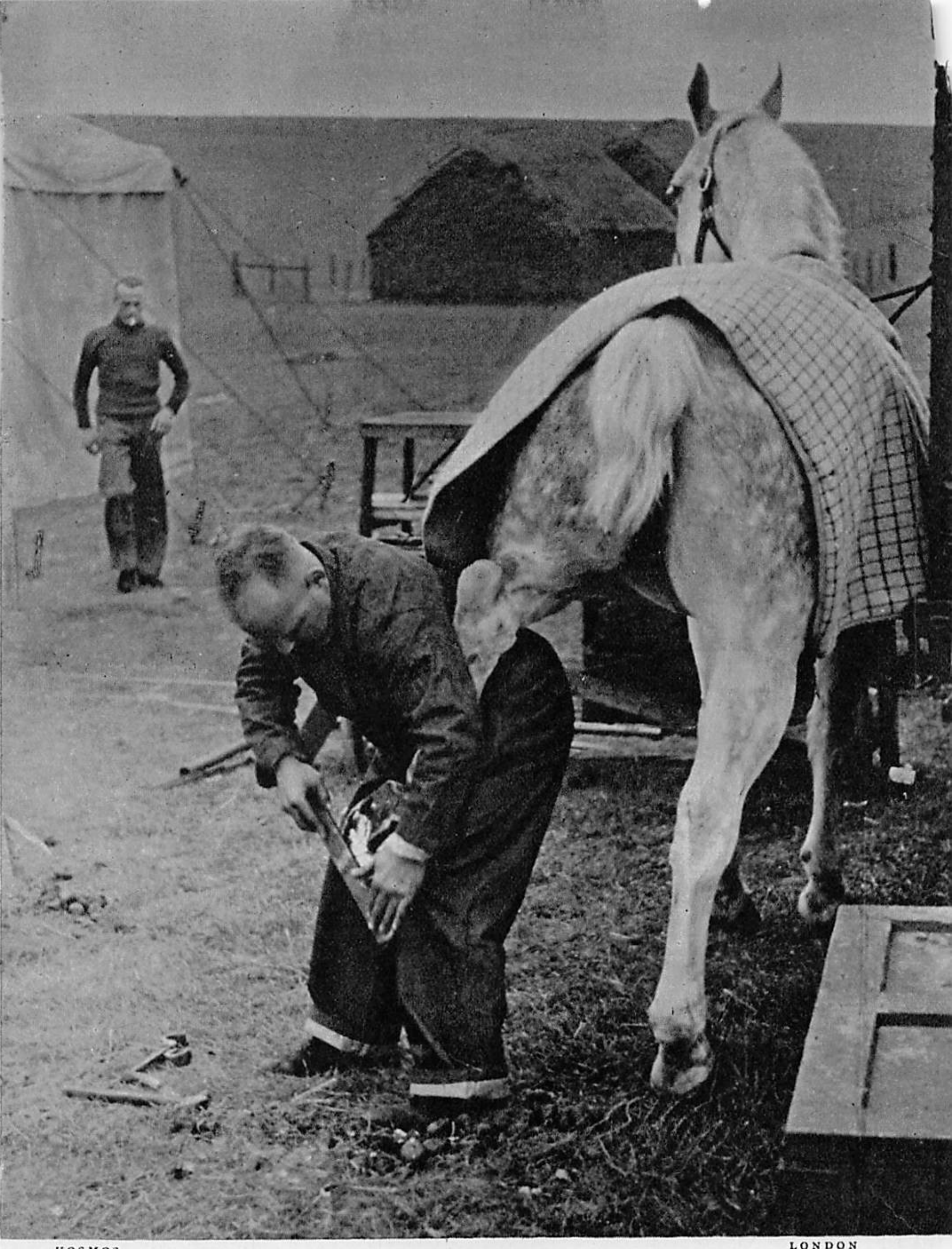
BARNABY'S LONDON

SOLANUM TUBEROSUM

(*Spud*)

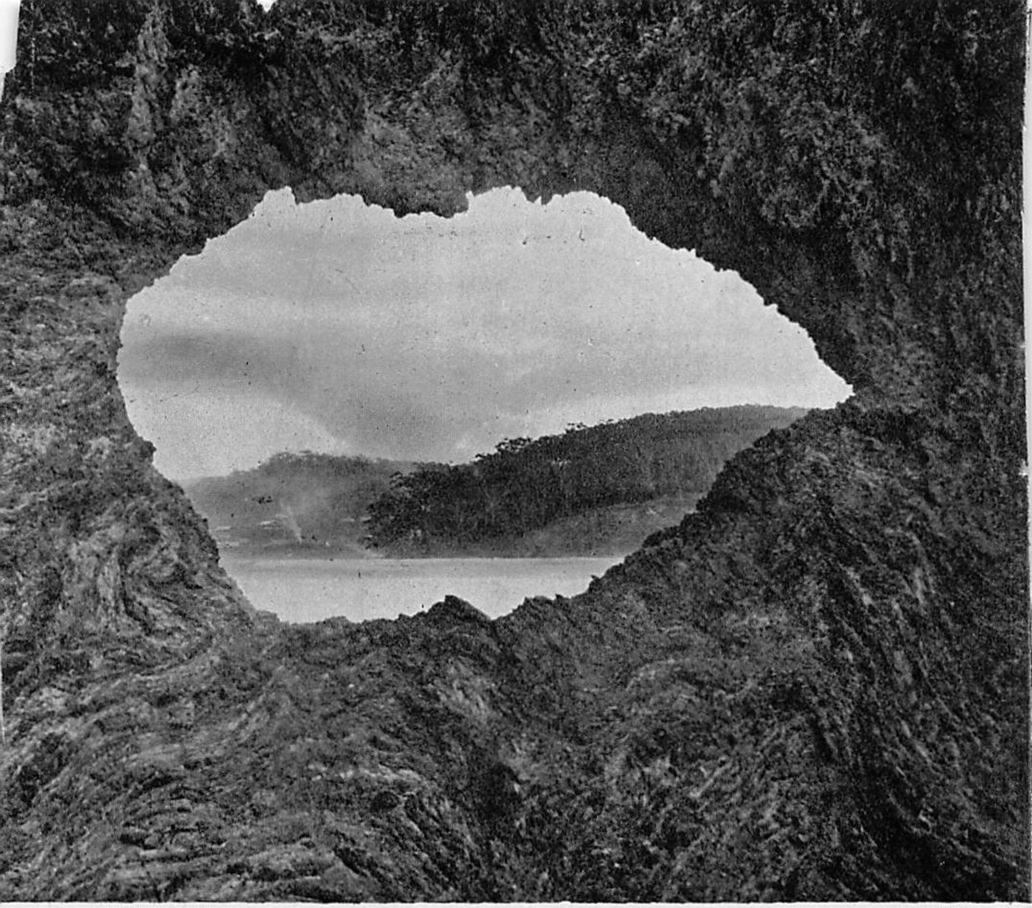
TOPHAM SIDCUP

"MAY I ASSIST YOU, SIR?"



KOSMOS LONDON

"... THAT WILL BE SEVEN COUPONS"



BLACK STAR LONDON

THE LIPS OF THE CAVE

by J. S. Barwell

Ragged Regiments of the Peace

WHEN demobilisation comes this time every soldier will drop into a ready-made suit and then clock off as a well-fed, decently-clad, not penniless—although perhaps homeless—civilian. That's all fixed. And it is just as well. For, after every other war, matches, or their equivalent, have been sold in the streets. The ancient trade of begging has often been the only one left open to ex-soldiers by their grateful country.

Compared to what it was, begging to-day is a pallid affair, a collection of one-man businesses, hopelessly uneconomic. But in its zenith, from about 1530 to 1630, the beggars went in armies, they were well organised, they ran what was, for the time, a highly successful anti-state enterprise. With the monasteries closed, the guilds abolished, and the enclosures enforced, many of the people in Merrie England became sensibly aware that their choice was to beg, steal, or starve. Soldiers were being brought back from the Continent and dumped penniless at the ports: with their acquired taste for blood and loot they had no temptation to try starving in a law-abiding manner. "As they were brent to the warres bottome, they have ever after all their days an unsavoury smoke thereof;" said a contemporary writer.

Another writer of that day, Richard Head, tells how he fled from the law into the company of a crew of merry beggars. Their life was painted for him in pretty colours. "Have we not the whole kingdom to walk at our pleasure?" the leader asked him. "Are we afraid of the approach of quarter-day? Do we walk in fear of bailiffs, serjeants, and catch-poles? Who ever knew an arrant beggar arrested for debt? Is not our meat dressed in every man's kitchen? Does not every man's cellar afford us beer and the best man's purse keep a penny for us to spend?"

Head was initiated by kneeling down while one of the chiefs poured a quart of drink on his head, saying: "I do by virtue of this sovereign liquor, stall thee to be a rogue, and make thee a free denizen of our ragged regiment; so that it shall be lawful for thee to cant and to carry a doxy or mort along with thee." He was given his doxy right away, and the Patrico married them by standing one at each side of a dead hen and bidding them live together till death did them part.

The *Patrico*, which was the canting name for the big boss, then told him to stick to his own begging territory and stand down for his seniors in rank. He was ordered to "act any villianies which thou shalt be able to perform; whether it is *to nip a bung, bite the Peter, cloy the lurries, crash either a bleating* *cheat*, *cackling cheat*, *grunting cheat*, *quacking cheat*, *Tib of the buttery*, *Margery prater*, or to *cloy a mish from the crackmans;* that is, to cut a purse, steal a cloak, bag, or portmantle, convey away all manner of clothes, either a sheep, chicken, sucking pig, duck, goose, hen, or steal a shirt from the hedge."

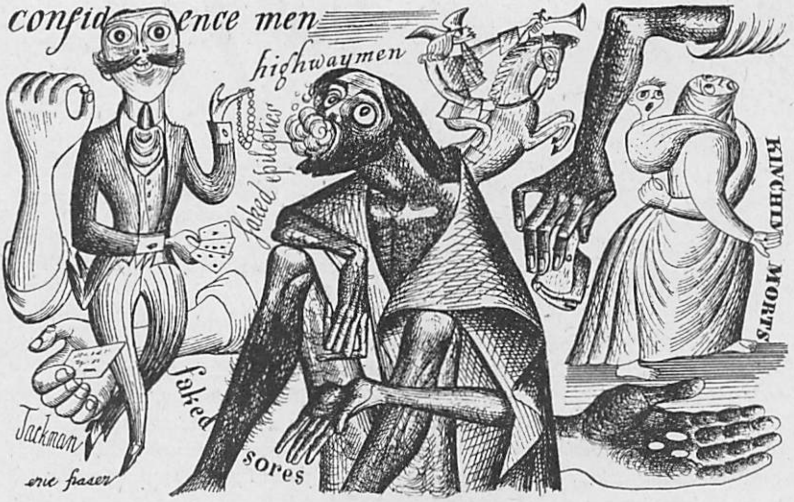
The canting tongue was exclusive to the Brotherhood of Beggars. It was composed of scraps of half a dozen languages, a few fantastic inventions, and some clerical latin, introduced by the evicted monks. Some of the words, like *crank* and *booze*, which came from mediæval Holland, are still in use.

THE beggars within the organisations had their own rank, and each rank carried its own duties. The chief was called the *Upright Man:* he carried a truncheon, was an ex-soldier, commanded a share in all booty, and had the first rights on the women. His second was the *Ruffler*, also an ex-soldier. *Anglers* carried hooked rods and at night fished through windows for sheets. *A Frater* was the Elizabethan version of the bogus hospital collector. He went about with a wallet on his back, a black box at his girdle, and a counterfeit patent to beg for some hospital. *Priggers* and *Prancers* were horse stealers. *Counterfeit Cranks* were fake epileptics; "and by putting a piece of white soap into the corners of their mouths, will make the froth to come boiling forth, to cause pity to the beholders." *The Dummer's* business was "making a horrible noise instead of speech by doubling his tongue in his mouth." The *Tom of Bedlam* or *Abraham man* pretended to be mad; the *Jackman* forged licences to beg and sold them to the amateurs; the *Glymmer* carried a begging licence that stated his house had been burnt down.

The women were classified biologically as well as professionally. *Dells* were young virgins on whom the Upright Man had some sort of seignorial claim. They then became *Doxies*. If they married they were called *Antem Morts*, but as unmarried mothers of *lullaby-cheats*, or young children, they were known as *Walking Morts*. Professionally, there were *Bawdy-Baskets*, who peddled haberdashery from house to house, bought coneyskins, and stole what they could; and *Kinchin Morts*, who carried young babies on their backs and "pricked them with pins that by their crying they might move more people to a speedier distribution of their alms."

Arousing sympathy was just a business like anything else. Some of the old hands specialised in clymes, or fake sores. "They took unslaked lime and soap, mingled it with the rust of old iron; these being tempered together they did spread it thick on to pieces of leather, which they applied to his leg, binding it thereunto very hard, which in a short time did fret off the skin, the flesh appearing all raw. Then did they take blood and rubbed it all over his leg; which being fully dried, made the leg appear all black, the sore they did only let peep out of the holes of five or six matterish places." If people are forced to beg, it is only natural to think up some trimmings.

In the year 1600 there were supposed to be 12,000 beggars in London alone.



The citizens did not care for this at all. After an impact with a threatening band, the city was put under martial law. The suburbs of London, the "dark dennes" were the worst places in England for beggars. Lincoln's Inn Fields was given over to savagery: Alsatia, Whitefriars, was a refuge where no fat-pursed citizen would dare to walk. Every second house was a tavern, and a horn hung at the entrance, to be blown in warning if an inmate was wantonly attacked by the law.

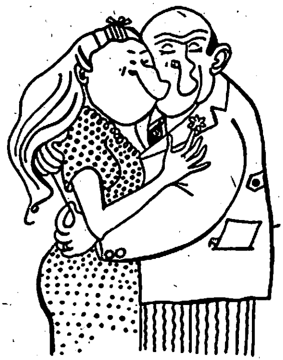
But the law in the end rallied for the attack, and in the seventeenth century the beggar bands were broken up. Rogues were hauled in, branded with an R, and sent to Virginia. It was no longer safe to move in bands, the day of the individual had returned. Some of the ex-members became highwaymen, some *Coney Catchers*, or confidence men. There were various forms of this. The *Courtesy Man* persuaded people to play cards with strangers: the *Foist* held his victim in charming conversation while removing his purse. He had to possess "an eagle's eye, a lady's hand, and a lion's heart." The *Nip* cut purses and let the coins drop into his hand. There were academies for Nips, where the little lads practised on figures hung with bells.

The *Ringfinder* would never have been so coarse as to cut a purse. He arranged for himself and his victim to find a piece of fake jewellery, together with some document, making it appear valuable. He then sold his share to the victim, or accepted a bribe to keep his mouth shut about the find. If you look simple enough, you may find the same thing happening to you one day in Piccadilly. And it is still not wholly safe to play cards with strangers.

AMERICA, AN INTRODUCTION

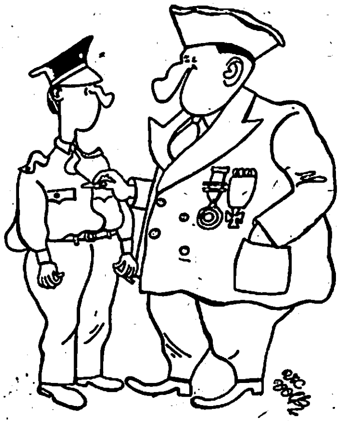
THE FAMILY

by Vic Wolf



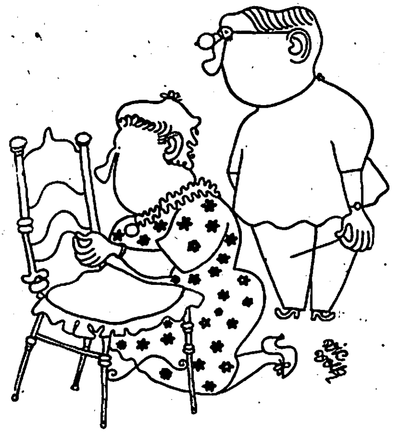
1.—I loave thee deerly, says he to she, light of me eye, me eye-ball, me iris, me cawnea. The Femily kennawt do without Loave, and she replies: Djoe, Djoe, NO! it is y'all who is thee eppel of me eye, me eye- ball, me . . , etc.

I HAVE known "The Family" for quite some time. I met them, the whole lot of them, congregated in the Genealogy Room of the Library in Fifth Avenue, New York. What impressed me most at our first meeting was the fact that they all had the same views on everything you can imagine. Here was, I thought, THE ideal family; HERE was Utopia! So when I sailed for England two moons ago I brought them along with me. The language used in the captions represents the conversation of the DOCTOR member of the family. The Doctor is a man of Anglo-Saxon heritage. He is a Harvard man who has travelled extensively. He has traces of nearly every American dialect. He sincerely hopes that the British public . . . which he loves dearly . . . will bear with him whilst he tries to discourse in an English which he, rightly or wrongly, considers to be definitely English.



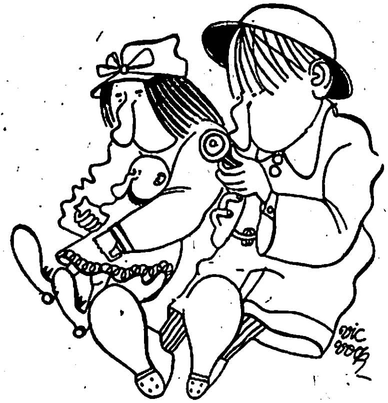
2.—Of kawss the Femily oleso thrives on Edmiration one foah the uthah. Fahthah visits son awn an occasion to see himself, as it wuh, in his son's boots, bringing a tee-ah to thee eye . . . the tee-ah runs down from thee kawnah of thee eye, down thee cheek and ends awn yo' neck . . . or if it is a lawng tee-ah . . . awpawn yo' kollah.

3.—The Femily nawt only thrives on Loave but awn mutual aid and assistance. When Auntie repairs the ancient chair of the Femily Doctah looks awn approvingly. Auntie uses only the finest glue to keep the slivvahs togethah. Doctah probes the finished jawb with delicate fawceps.

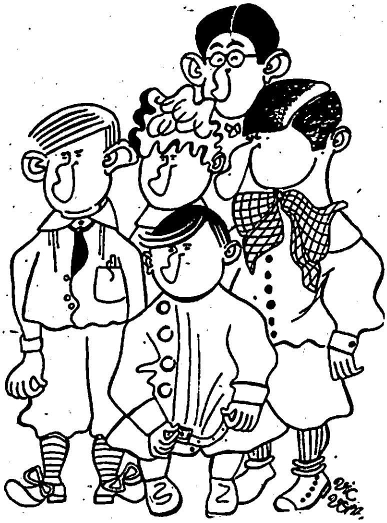


4.—When they are congenial boys and guhlls get aloang very well. But there is ole-so the element of tawlerance to considah besides congeniality. When Sistah and Bruthah get togethah . . . no metta where . . . Sistah with her dawl and Bruthah with his tawtch . . . he fleshing the bloomin' thing awn and oaf . . . she trying her best to feed her baby with kawn bread . . . what a pickcha of simple dee-voshun . . . what simplicity. . . .

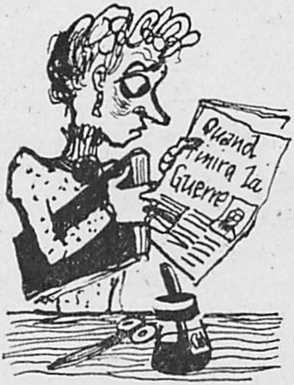
5.—The Femily is made up of many puhssons. Most femilies are quite hendsum in a mannah of speaking. Its kawstyooms, its individual kwahffures,



its many puhssonal adornments, ole help to make the Femily int'risting. And when there ia a kawmmun goal . . . ole sutching foah Beauty . . . there is bound to be a beautiful femily. Is thet nawt a fect?



DEFEAT



by Honor Tracy

A Fable for To-day

ON September 3, 1939, Madame Léonie Ardoise, keeper of an inn near Perpignan, was busy at her favourite pastime of collecting misinformation. Whenever she came to a tissue of lies in a newspaper, she cut it out and reverently pasted it in an album. It was a bizarre foible in a woman like that, who seemed to care for nothing in the world but to cook delicious meals and to charge for them prices that were, frankly, shocking.

"If you could think of a way of charging us for the air we breathe, you would do it," Catulle de Trimage, her oldest client, once shouted in a moment of bitterness; and for a whole evening Madame sat quiet and thoughtful, wondering if, after all, this might not be arranged. And yet this ugly streak in her nature managed to subsist side by side with spiritual qualities of great beauty, for there is no higher expression of trust in our fellow beings than to believe what they print.

By now she had twenty-five volumes of extracts, indexed and cross-indexed in the most ingenious way, so that at a moment's notice she could mislead her friends on any given topic; and, on this fine Sunday morning, she was again busy with her gluebrush and full of a serene confidence. Presently a step was heard, and there was Catulle himself, newly arrived for the autumn holiday.

"It's war again, Madame Léonie," he cried.

"On les aura," she answered, without looking up.

"Yes, but it will take six months."

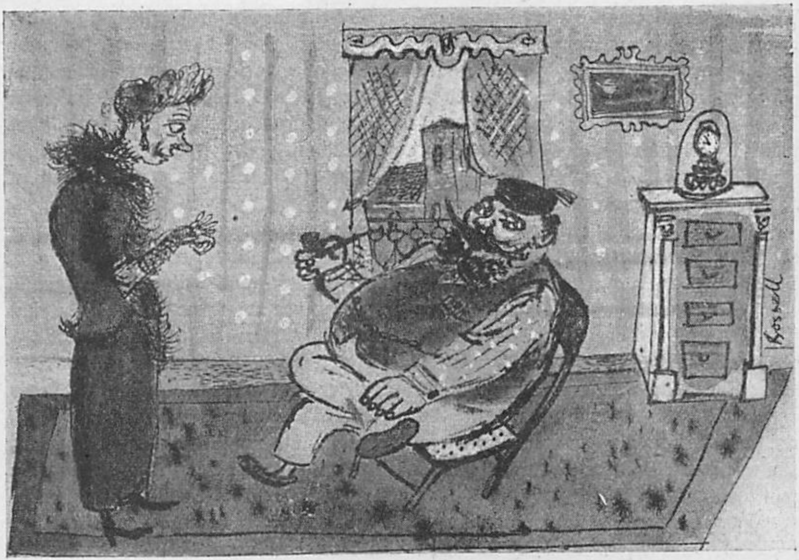
"Three, three," said Léonie, pointing to the article which proved this and which she was about to fix in her album.

"Six, at least," said Catulle, lighting a cigar. Léonie shrugged and continued her work, looking amused and tolerant. The old man shot her a crafty glance and said, "The Army have taken my house. Shall I come to you? Will you make me a special price?"

"There are no special prices here," Léonie reminded him, her mouth closing like a rat trap.

"Look," said Catulle. "You say three months. I say six. Will you keep me for the duration for eight thousand francs?"

Léonie hesitated. A struggle went on in her soul which was nothing but the old human struggle of spirit against material, high things against low. The risk of it froze the marrow of her bones: yet, to have rejected the deal would have implied a scepticism, as if some saint of old should refuse to leap from a cliff for fear that, after all, the angels



did not hold him up. At last she said: "Very well. You will pay eight thousand. But remember, there is no refund! If it is over by the end of this month, still no refund!"

"And not another franc if it lasts into the summer," said Catulle solemnly.

Catulle moved in directly. His green cape hung in the hall as if he owned the place, and Léonie saw with a pang that the mountain air did wonders for his appetite. In fact, he lived like a prince. Towards Christmas, a fleeting apprehension crossed her mind.

"And if a newspaper should be wrong, once?" she asked herself, her heart beating a little faster. The same evening she read in a high-class weekly that the war would last for twenty years and that the next one would, for economic reasons, begin immediately afterwards. It was a clever article, with many quotations and footnotes, and with a photograph of the author.

Week by week her profit melted away, and by mid-April she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Catulle was kindness and consideration itself, helping with the management and putting down the other visitors.

"You mustn't expect the earth, you know," he said to an impertinent who had asked for a second helping of fried potatoes. "Madame is not in business for her health."

In fact, Léonie was growing paler and weaker every day.

During the occupation, she gradually became the prey of delusions. She held, among other things, that there was no such person as Monsieur Laval and that the reports of his activities were a newspaper stunt. Very soon the authorities turned their attention to this, suspecting that she was trying to form some kind of little movement.

The secret policeman made his appearance in her bar. He did no harm, because everyone knew him, but he entirely denuded the place of its chic. What with the worry of it all and the pain of having to serve twenty-one free meals a week, Madame Léonie often felt it was more than she could bear.

"Why did just this have to happen?" she asked incessantly. "Why couldn't I lose a leg or an eye?"

LIBERATION came, and she rallied for a little; but soon she found that Catulle expected each victory to be celebrated with a copious repast. At the end of a dazzling military sequence she was left without a franc under the mattress.

"Why don't they teach women about politics?" she wept. "They say the General has given us the vote. Well, God bless him, but in my case it comes too late."

"Politics are but a word," said Catulle, looking severe as he placed a bottle of champagne in the cooler. "Greed and cunning are realities."

Soon the papers were at it again: they had learned nothing. The new story was that eighty million Japanese, unknown and far away, were the implacable enemies of Madame Ardoise and she would have no rest until they were disposed of. Just that. Not a word about Catulle, of course. It was at this point that she carried her press cuttings into the garden and made them into a bonfire.

My faith gone, my health seriously impaired, my prosperity ruined by that vampire, she thought: what is there left but marriage?

A brilliant notion here came into her poor sick mind. Catulle had been the cause of her downfall and he should marry her. Only in this way could she hope for an adequate revenge. That afternoon she drove to town and bought a cape of black marabou and a pair of lace gloves; and, in the evening, all decked out, she sailed into the parlour where Catulle sat over his fire.

Catulle instantly divined her game. "It's no use, Madame Léonie," he said plainly. "These efforts are wasted. I tell you in all affection and delicacy."

"Are you a human being?" Léonie piteously exclaimed. "Was it a woman of flesh and blood that gave you birth?"

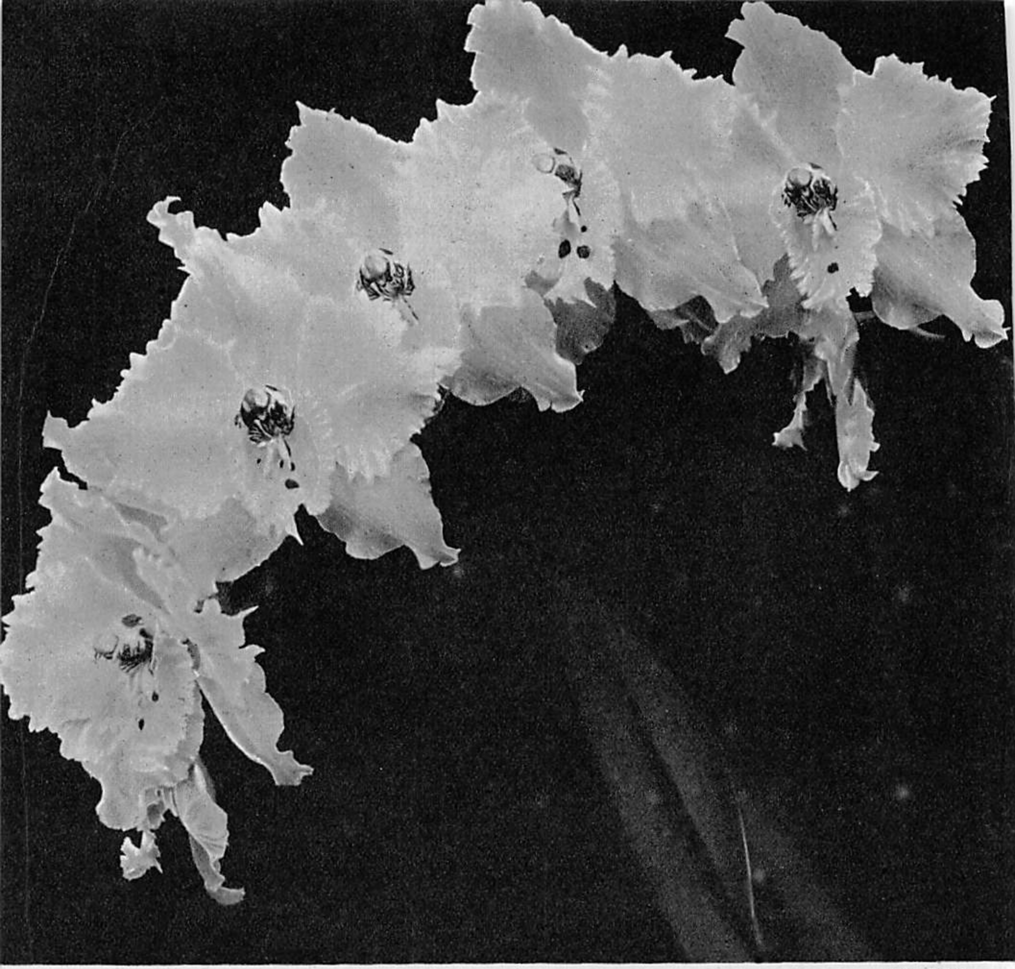
Catulle patted her hand. "Madame Léonie," he said, with an intolerable complacence, "in life, alas! there are no happy endings."

With that he went out for a stroll in the evening air to get up an appetite for dinner. The brief courtship was at an end and it was shortly followed by the death of all hopes: for on May 8, 1945, Catulle placed upon her desk his copy of the contract, together with a letter from his lawyer, saying that in his opinion the phrase "duration of war" included not simply the war in the Pacific but any minor disturbance arising out of it: there was, he opined, no legal reason why the agreement should ever end.

And so Madame Léonie has become a strange old woman who talks to herself and swears at children. Greed alone would have made her rich, respected. Innocent credulity reduced her to an ailing, impoverished shadow. How greatly the foolish creature has suffered! Indeed, she deserves our pity and our love.

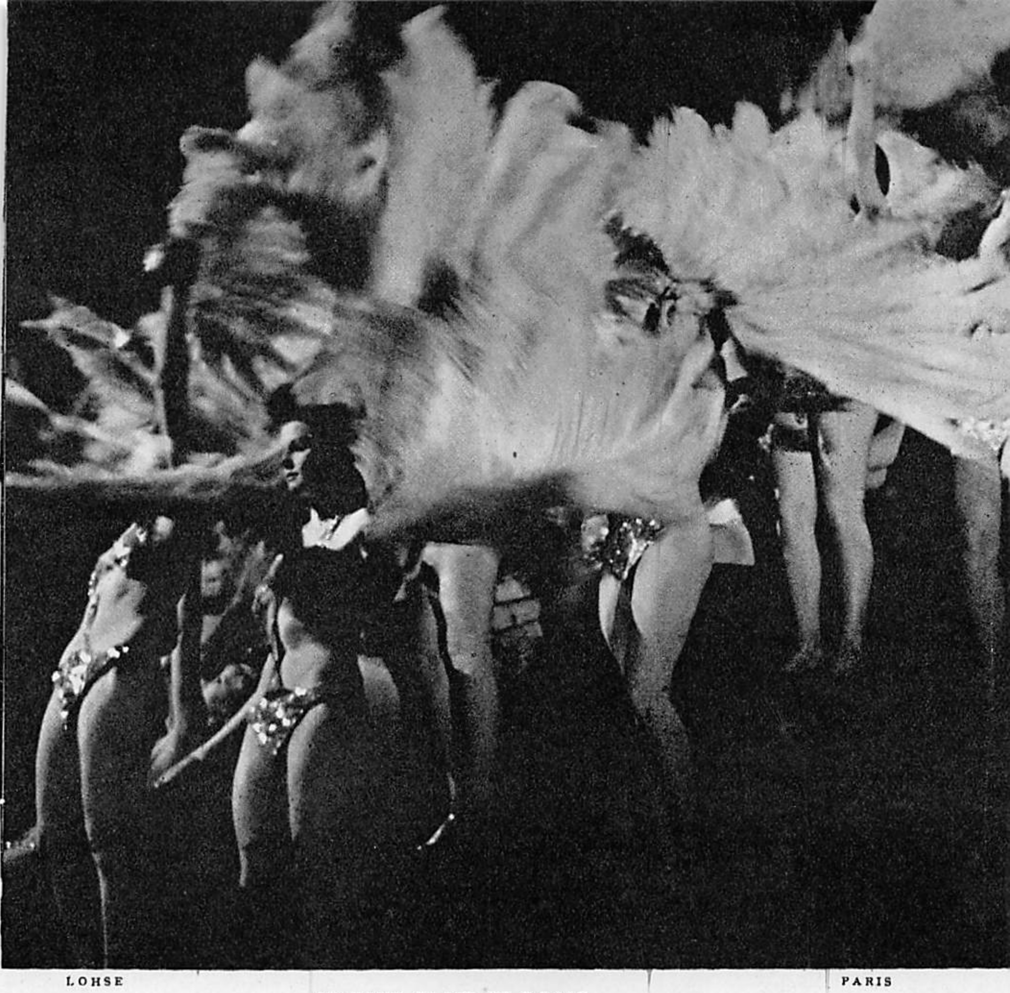
DORIEN LEIGH LONDON

THE FIRST FREEDOM



FOX LONDON

JUNGLE BLOSSOMS

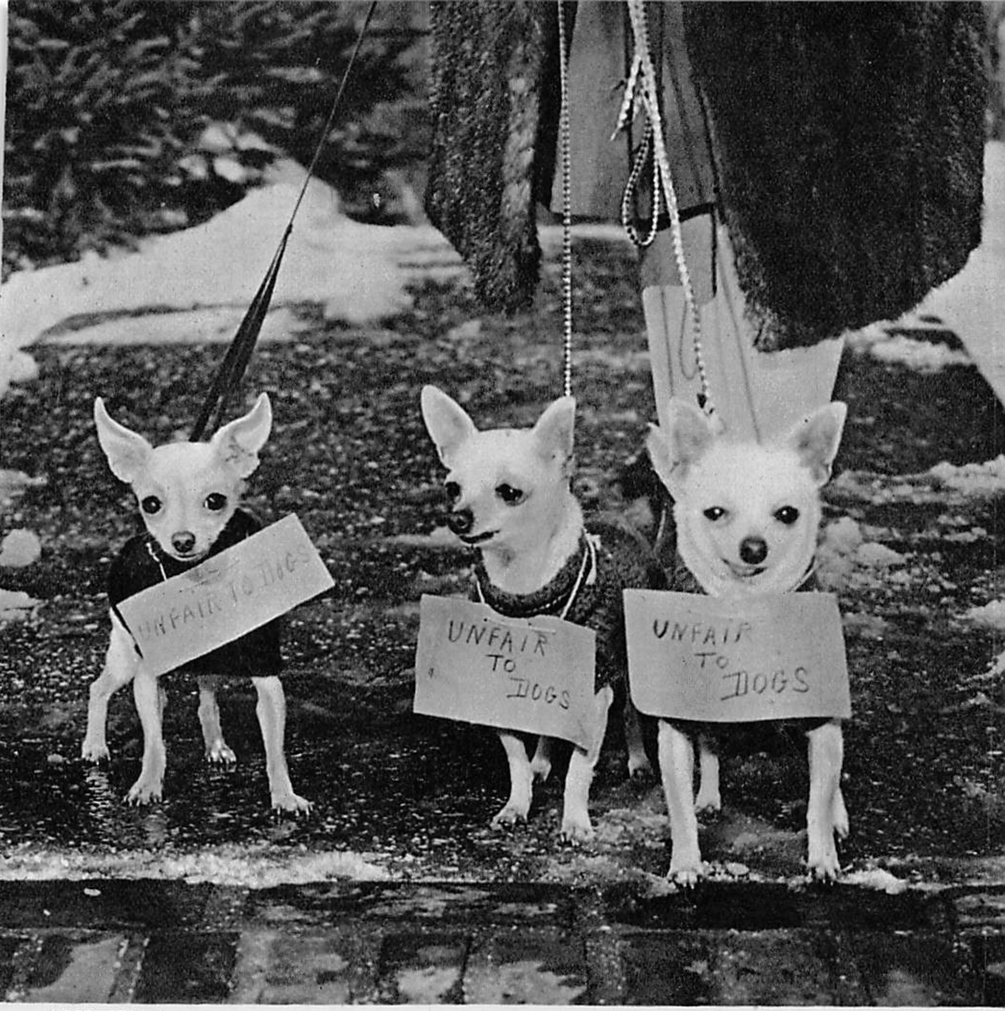


LOHSE PARIS

NIGHT-CLUB BLOOMS

KEYSTONE LONDON

THE NEW PET


UNFAIR TO DOGS
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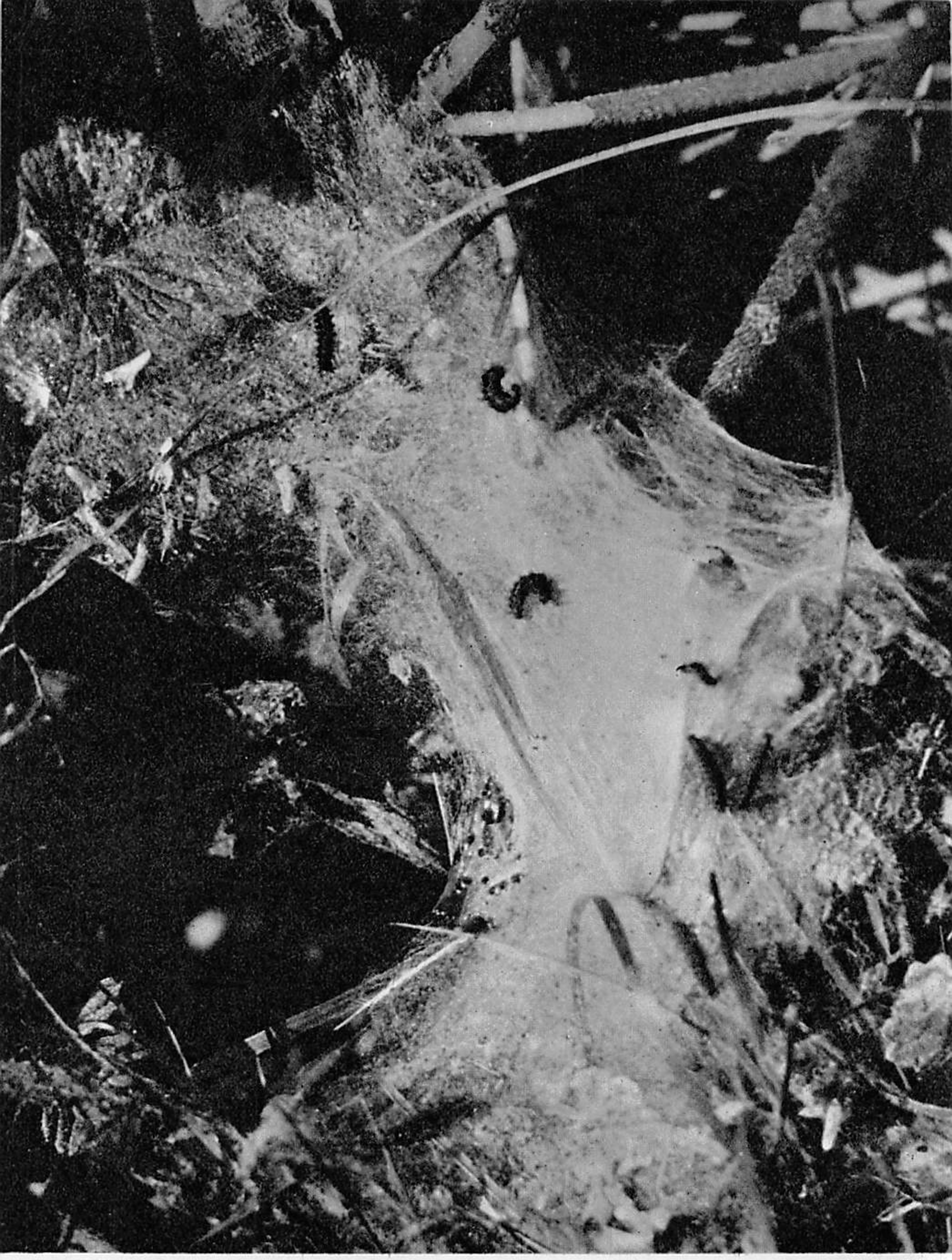
UNFAIR TO DOGS

SUSCHITSKY LONDON

A PROTEST FROM THE UNION



E. NEEL LONDON

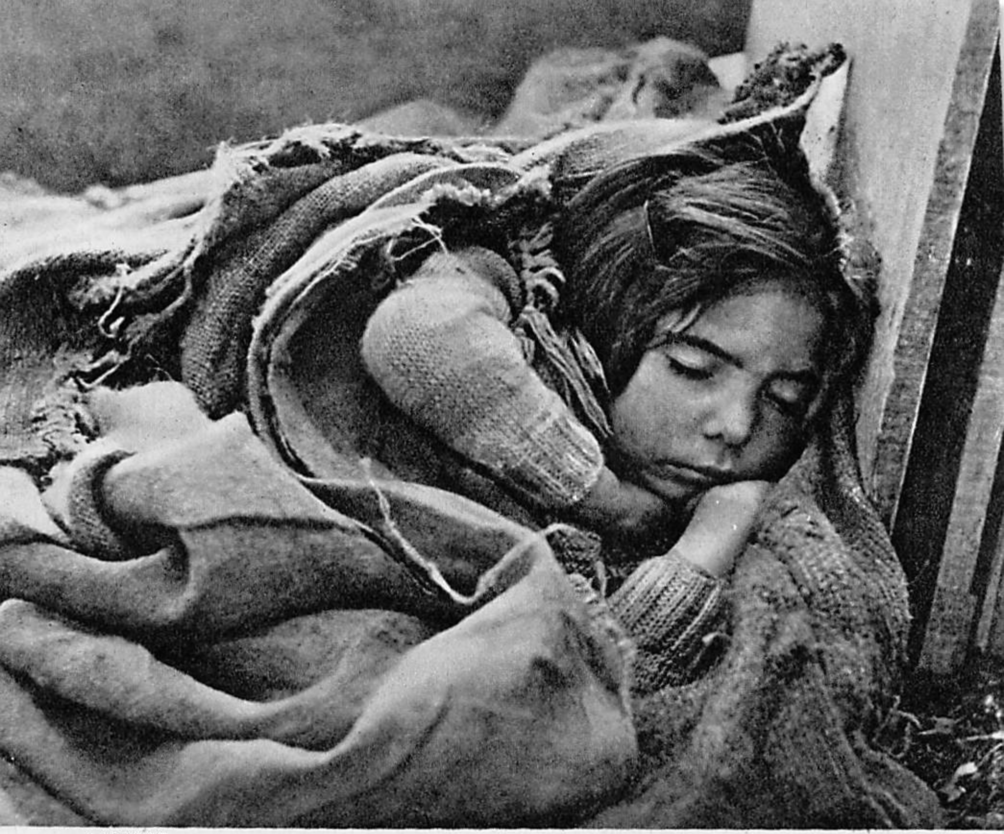
NATURE'S CHAOS

Hibernation of Fritillary Caterpillars

MUIR LONDON

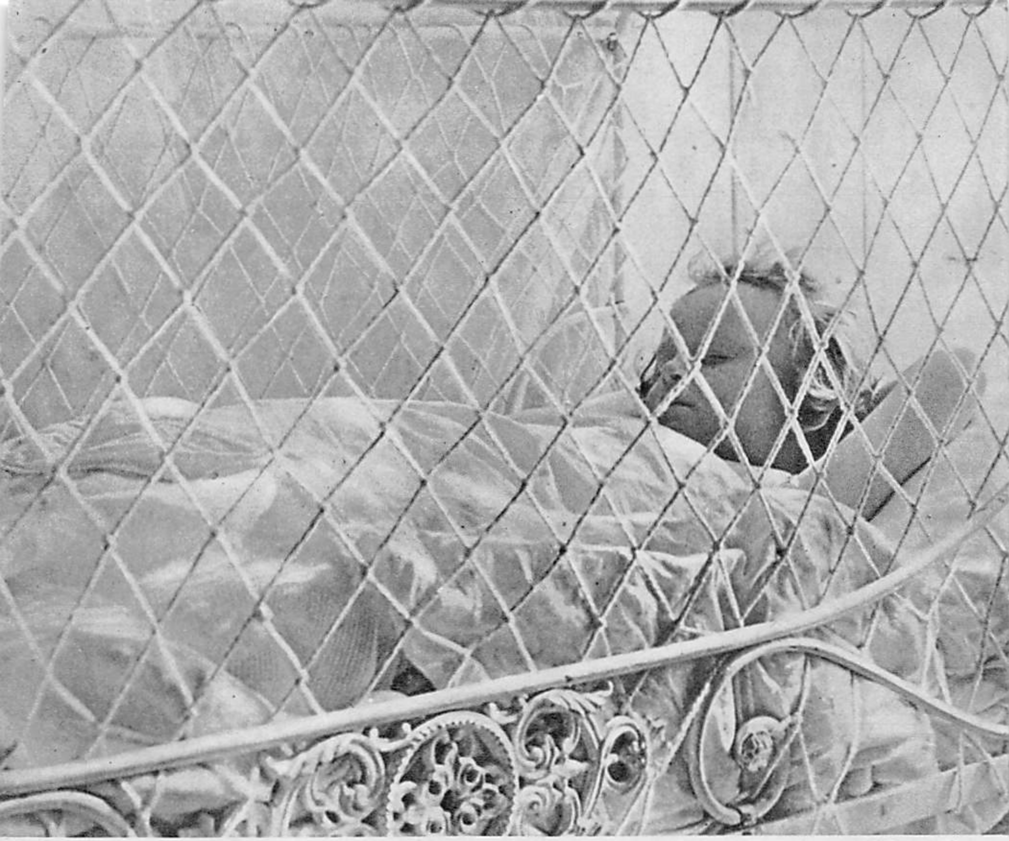
MAN'S CONFUSION

Holy Week in Mexico City



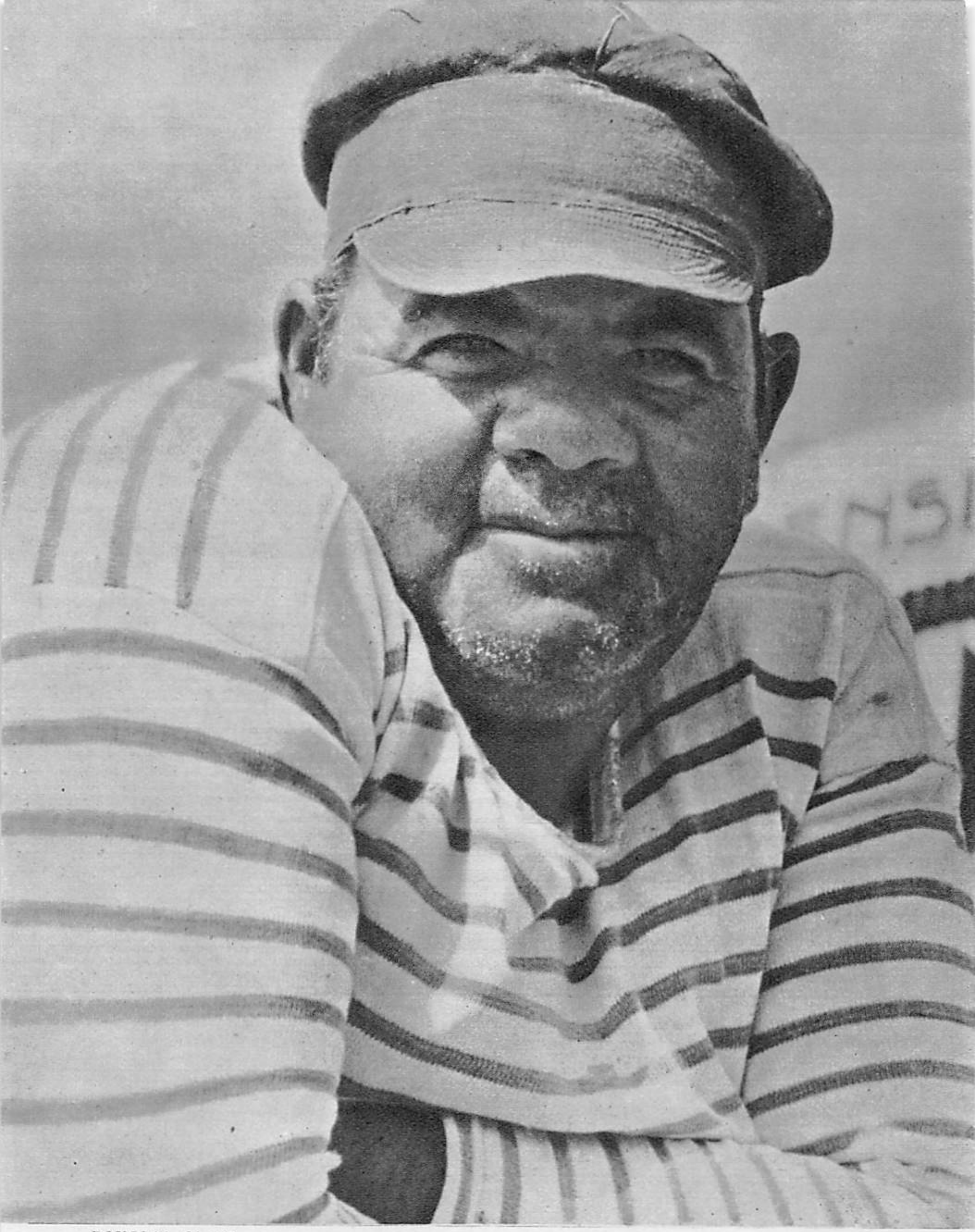
LASERRE PARIS

FALLEN SPARROW



DUMAS PARIS

BIRD IN NEST



DOUGLAS GLASS LONDON

BULLDOZER

The Serjeant Major

"WALKING through St. James Park, I was attracted by the sight of some very fine Recruits drilling in the Bird-Cage Walk. I therefore digressed a little to examine them, but more particularly to look at a smart Serjeant, whose wit and military slang seemed to be the magnet of attraction to many curious listeners. . . . Those under his command consisted of young hands just learning the use of the musket.

"What amused me was the *pike wit* with which he interlarded every direction or word of command; and which gained much on the score of originality from the cockney dialect in which it was delivered. His squad was now standing at ease, having been ordered to clap their hands together, smartly, simultaneously, and like a peal of thunder. The first words which met my ears were, 'more sharper and more sharper yet, men. Shew me more life; law! vy you are as inactive and as dronish as a parcel of swine lying asleep upon a dunghill. There now! That's more like the thing.' Here he flourished his cane, looked at them contemptuously yet good-humouredly and archly.

"He had put himself in an attitude, graceful enough, although a little stiff. He changed it for a bantering position, leaning on his cane and advancing one foot and leg in a way that might be called *making a leg*. Then, casting a glance of superiority round at the spectators, he eyed his men over and over again, taking the measure of them from top to toe. Some of them were certainly very awkward. 'Come,' resumed the Serjeant, 'though you be standing at ease, don't forget that you are gentlemen. Stand as if your limbs belonged to you; not as if you hired 'em for the day.'

"'I say, you, Mr. Marshal (he did not look very *martial*)—vy any of these here gentlemen, they see as you've been a pig driver, you stick out your nose like vone of the drove (loud applause); who could have built such a lubber? I shall never make a soldier of you. None of your statty farr hattitudes, if you please. You, John Murray, none of your Scotch tricks here, playing with your fingers; stand like a man and don't make faces; you look like a goose as is going under Temple Bar (loud cheering).

"Now, we are not going to take up a night's lodging here; be prepared for the caution; let me see you all alive and in motion as if you rest upon vires. Tention! (in a sonorous and authoritative tone). They all sprang up as if frightened out of their senses, and the Serjeant himself stood in a statue-like form, stiff as a direction-post."

(*The Hermit in London*, 1819.)

How The Knot was Tied

A Record of "First Meetings" over a Period of 55 Years

Period, 1890—1908

Met at Church or Chapel	42 %
Childhood Sweethearts	24 %
Met during business hours	9 %
Casual Acquaintanceship	17 %
Other occasions	3 %
Introduced	5 %
Matrimonial Agency	nil

Period, 1909—1919

Met at Church or Chapel	27 %
Childhood Sweethearts	11 %
Met during business hours	29 %
Hospitals	11 %
*Cycling and tennis clubs	12 %
Unclassifiable	4 %
Introduced	3½%
Matrimonial Agency	2½%

Period, 1920—1939

Met during business hours	30 %
Met at a dance	19 %
Clubs (all kinds)	17 %
Casual Acquaintanceship	14 %
Met on Holiday	15 %
Matrimonial Agency	2 %
Introduced	3 %

Period, 1939—1944

Met whilst on Service	32 %
Casual Acquaintanceship	18 %
Met in business hours	26 %
Matrimonial Agency	1 %
Introduced	2 %

** Adsorbed in 'Casual' class during earlier period.*

How the Knot Was Tied

by R. F. Delderfield

A Unique Record of "First Meetings" collected over 55 Years

WE had a W.A.A.F. on one of the courses who had the world's most eccentric hobby. She collected statistics of first meetings and wrote them down in a fat notebook, which contained over 400 answers to the question: "Where did you meet your husband?"

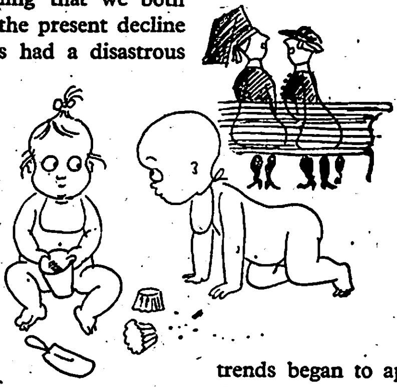
The marriages dealt with had taken place over a period of half a century. The first was in 1890, the most recent took place in autumn, 1944.

One evening, when we were tired of cramming for the oral, I volunteered to help her classify the data. When percentages had been worked out, full allowances made and conclusions drawn, we discovered we had more than a map of matches, we had a sure guide of social trends over more than two generations. There was a lot to be learned from those tables. And there was more to be guessed.

The first fact to emerge from the maze of figures was the remarkable prominence played by ecclesiastical establishments, in matches of the period 1890–1908. There was sufficient detail to enable the sub-division of the "met in Church and Chapel" category into various classes. We got as far as grouping the 42% in four roughly-equal grades: "sang together in Choir," "sat together in Bible Class," "met on Church annual outing," and "both taught at Sunday School." We didn't count unions arising out of boy-girl encounters in the Sunday School itself; that went into the "Childhood Sweethearts" group. There were, in addition, several marriages which had to remain "Church General." We assumed that many of these began with a covert glance over the edge of the pew during prayer-time.

ALL in all, the Church walked away with the competition. The figures were so overwhelming that we both wondered whether the present decline in church-going has had a disastrous effect on the birth-rate. This is a point for divines. And Government departments.

The "Childhood Sweetheart" class was an easy second during the first period under review: 24% of our couples attended school together and passed their first grubby love-notes across the class by the furtive postal-service of giggling companions. Many of these pre-adolescent attachments developed into lifelong romances and were usually attended by the walking-home habit, a practice which generations of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses had failed to eradicate. In later periods this form of match-making declined and its place was taken by other forms of contact.



The "pick-up," it seems, was practically unknown in the nineties and early nineteen-hundreds, but the notebook revealed at least three instances of casual acquaintance leading to courtship and marriage. One couple, married in '92, boldly admitted having met one another in a Carnival throng on the night of the first Jubilee. The other instance, which ended in a dual wedding, began on the towing-path of the Thames one Sunday afternoon, when two enterprising mashers each selected a belle from a pair of young ladies promenading a hundred yards in front of them. The young men, who made their choices on the back view only, were lucky. Both girls were pretty and marriages took place within the year.

As the notebook's pages flicked into the new era a number of fresh trends began to appear. Church and Chapel, although still showing an appreciable return, surrendered the lead to the "Met on Business" class. This is explained by the enormous increase, during the period, in the number of young women entering commercial life. It is partly explained by the introduction of the typewriter into offices. Prior to the turn of the century a woman in an office was a rarity. About this time, too, more young people began to meet at clubs, particularly cycling clubs. Perhaps one of our couples provided the original inspiration for the popular song of the period immortalising tandem cycles.

With the outbreak of the First World War hospitals took a hand in matchmaking, and 11% of the weddings taking place in this period had their origin at the bedside of a young soldier recovering from wounds at Base or in Blighty, where his white-uniformed bride-to-be wrote a dutiful letter to mother at his dictation.

Business courtships still held the lead during the years between the two wars but the Church-Chapel agency received its deathblow, disappearing from calculable records altogether. Its place was taken by two new factors — the dance and the freelance seaside holiday, which jockeyed for position through both decades until the latter was forced out by the outbreak of the Second World War.

THESE factors throw interesting light on the times. The dance was not a common meeting-place for lovers until the jazz era of the early 'twenties. Up to that time dances were usually attended by the privileged young people, except in villages where the boys and girls knew one another in any case. The soirées and socials of the 'nineties do not seem to have had the same effect as the saxophone and the spate of catchy tunes like "Always" and "When You and I Were Seventeen."

Thus 19% of our romances which led to the altar during the 1920–39 period, began in the swirl of the fox-trot or wriggle of the Charleston or Black Bottom. In the meantime commercial lovers were holding their own. More and more marriages were being born out of the click-clack of the typewriter and the snap of the box-file.

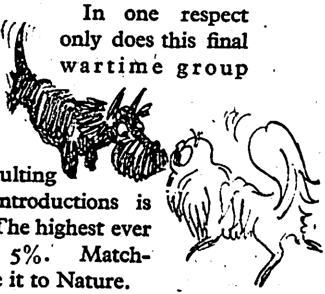
One other trend is noticeable during the "between wars" era. That is the number of romances which began on holiday. So rare were holidays without parents, up to Youth's breakaway in the early 'twenties, that the class does not appear at all before that time. By 1939, however, it was accounting for 15% of the marriages. Fifteen per cent. of the romances in the period began round the promenade bandstand or on the boat-deck, where the moonlight was supported by coloured fairylights and excerpts from "1812" and "Bittersweet" were thrown in without extra charge.

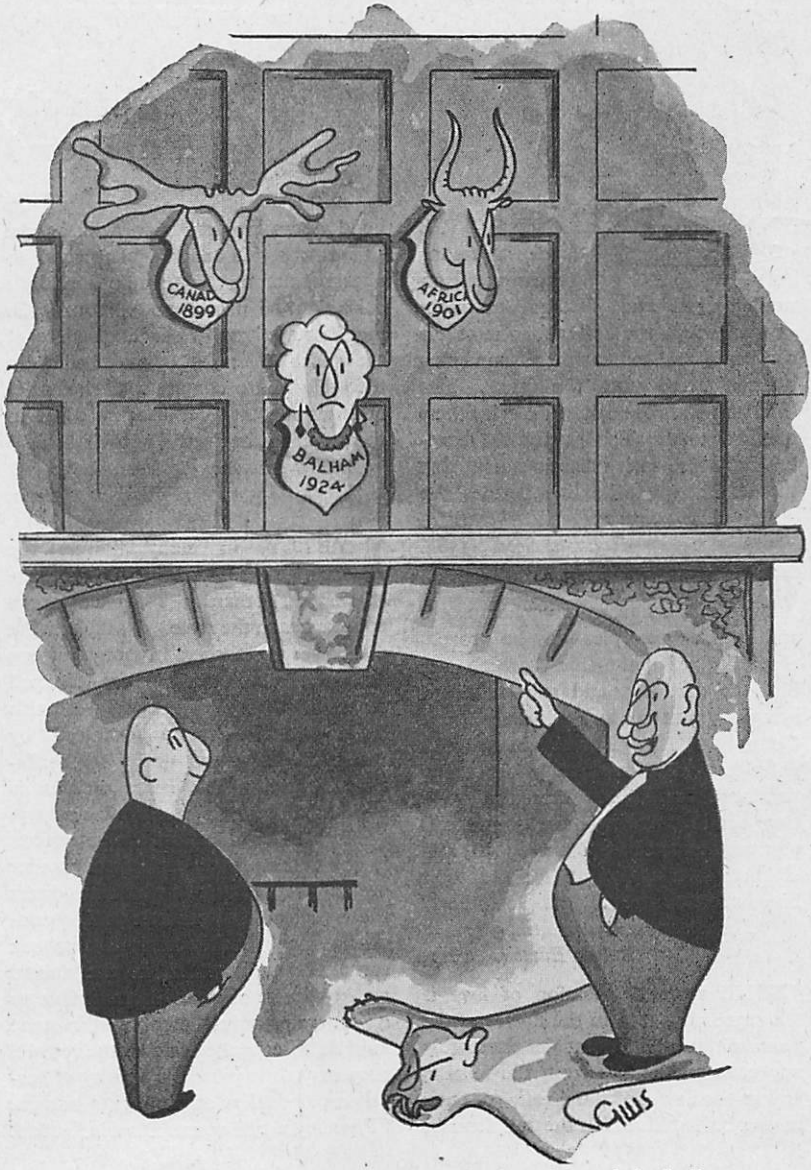
There is one romantic starting-point —the matrimonial agency—which is now almost a music-hall joke, but it still has a place in the tables. The odd thing about the matrimonial agency is that its patrons are almost invariably widows or widowers. The notebook summarised these unions under "Answers to Journals" and over the whole period they showed a tendency to decrease. All the advertisements began "Lonely woman (never 'widow') would like to meet lonely man," or "Lonely man seeks friendship with view to marriage." In 1890 these advertisements were accounting for just under 5% of our marriages, but, by the outbreak of World War II, this had fallen to 1%. The matrimonial agency still has some appeal for the lately bereaved, possibly because the widower and widow are reticent to seek a new partner in the open. Not without pathos, this method is yet a genuine tribute to the ideal of marriage, for it indicates an earnest desire on the part of applicants to regain lost happiness.

IN September, 1939, women all over the United Kingdom found themselves faced with an eventual choice between the Services or the factories. Hundreds of thousands chose the uniform. And of these an astonishingly high percentage marched into the orbit of the man they were later going to marry. Of the hundred or so marriages reviewed in the notebook over the period 1939–45, 32% began in a camp, canteen or Service club. The general trend was for the A.T.S. to marry into the Army, the W.R.E.N. into the Air Force. But there were exceptions, and noticeable in the "met-at-a-Service-dance" class, which was calculated into the "Service" percentage. Here the attraction of opposites was exemplified, A.T.S. girl meeting and dancing with naval rating, while airman claimed W.R.E.N. and whirled her round to the blare of boogie-woogie.

In spite of the opening of many new factories, business romances dropped four points during the war years. The decline in holiday matches is very slight, when the closing of holiday towns is taken into consideration. The percentage was possibly bolstered by "met-on-leave" figures. There has been an increase in "casual acquaintance." One section of these was classified separately "met whilst travelling."

In one respect only does this final wartime group resemble the three previous periods—From 1890 to 1945 the number of marriages resulting from direct introductions is negligible. The highest ever reached was 5%. Match-makers—leave it to Nature.




CANADA 1899
AFRICA 1901
BALHAM 1924
GWS

"*My wife's mother—she put up the best fight of the lot*"

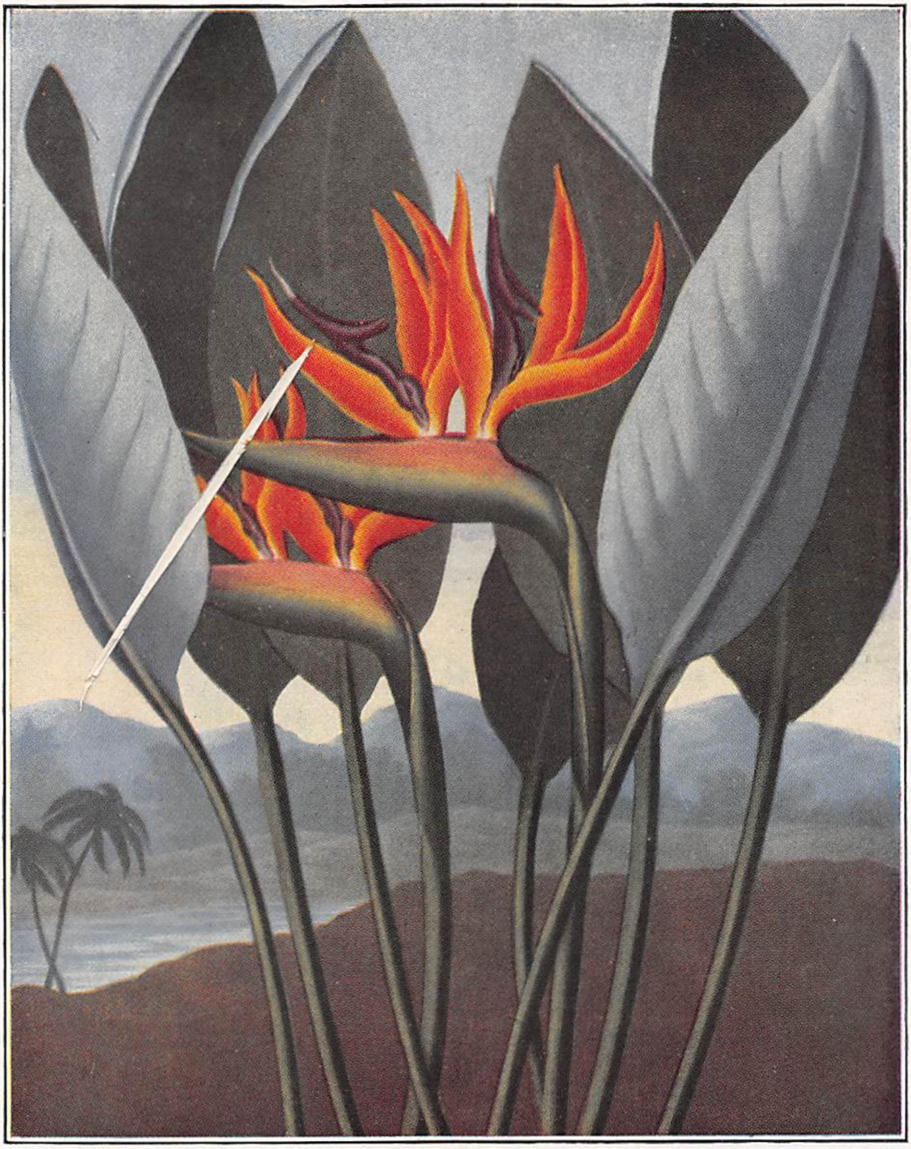
Vegetable Passions

THERE is among them such naturall accord and discord, as some prosper much the better for the others companie, and some wither awaie being planted neare unto the other. The lillie and the rose rejoise in ech others neighborhood. The flag and the fernebush abhorre each other so much, that the one can hardlie live besides the other. "*The Discoverie of Witchcraft*":
Reginald Scot. 1584.

IN vegetal creatures what sovereignty love hath, by many pregnant proofs and familiar examples may be proved, especially of palm-trees, which are both he and she, and express not a sympathy but a love-passion. . . . Constantine . . . gives an instance of a palm-tree that loved most fervently, "and would not be comforted until such time her love applied herself unto her; you might see the two trees bend, and of their own accord stretch out their boughs to embrace and kiss each other."
"*The Anatomy of Melancholy*":
Robert Burton. 1621.

THE vegetable passion of love is agreeably seen in the flower of the *parnassia*, in which the males alternately approach and recede from the female, and in the flower of the *nigella* (or devil in the bush), in which the tall females bend down to their dwarf husbands. But I was this morning surprised to observe, among Sir Brook Boothby's collection of plants at Ashbourn, the manifest adultery of several females of the plant *Collinsonia*, who had bent themselves into contact with the males of other flowers of the same plant in their vicinity, neglectful of their own.
"*The Economy of Vegetation*":
Erasmus Darwin.

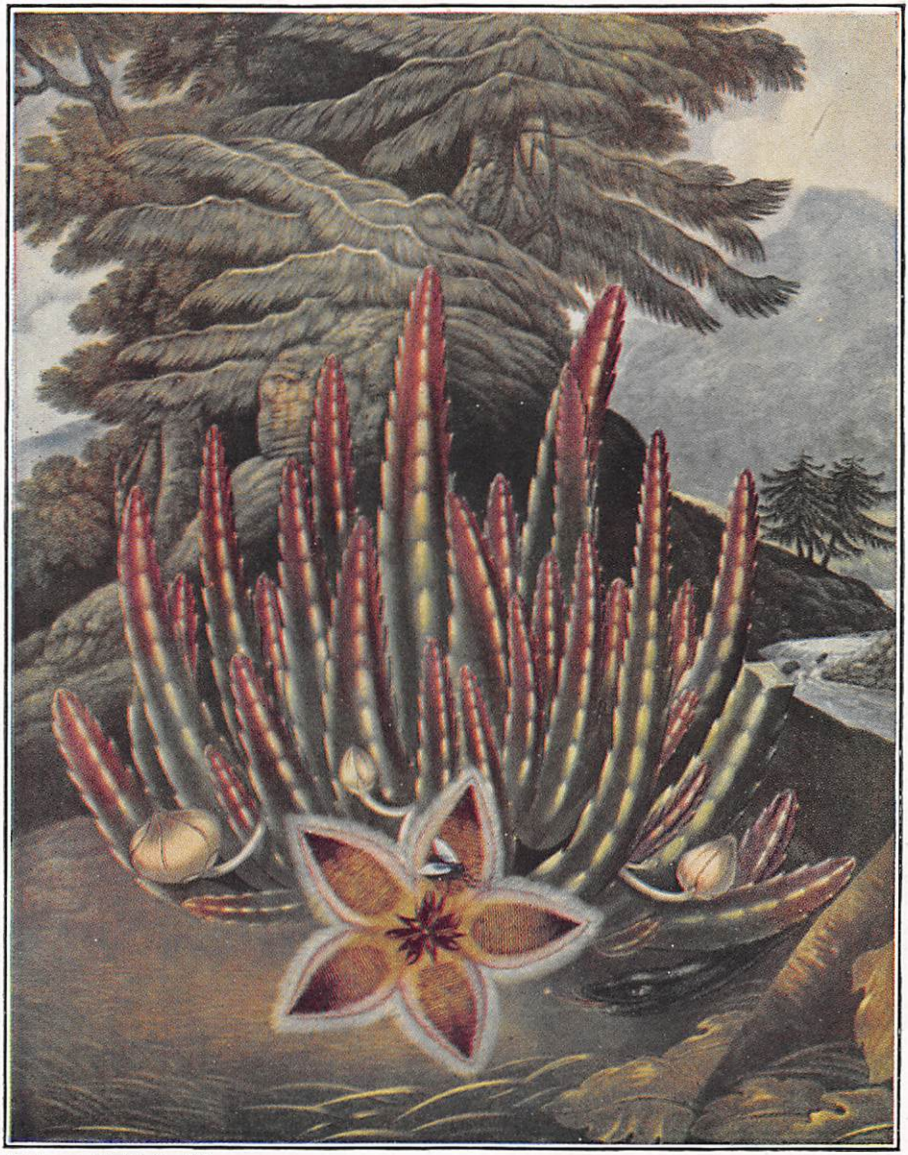
LASTLY, in many flowers the anthers when mature approach the stigma, in others the female organ approaches to the male. I ask, by what means are the anthers in many flowers, and stigmas in other flowers, directed to find their paramours? Is this curious kind of urge produced by mechanic attraction, or by the sensation of love? The latter opinion is supported by the strongest analogy, because a reproduction of the species is the consequence; and then another organ of sense must be wanted to direct these vegetable amourettes to find each other; one probably analogous to our sense of smell, which in the animal world directs the new-born infant to its source of nourishment; and in some animals directs the male to the female; they may thus possess a faculty of perceiving as well as of producing odours.
"*Phytologia*": *Erasmus Darwin.* 1800.



Henderson, del. Cooper, lith. *Second of a series from Dr. Thornton's "Temple of Flora," 1799–1804*

THE QUEEN

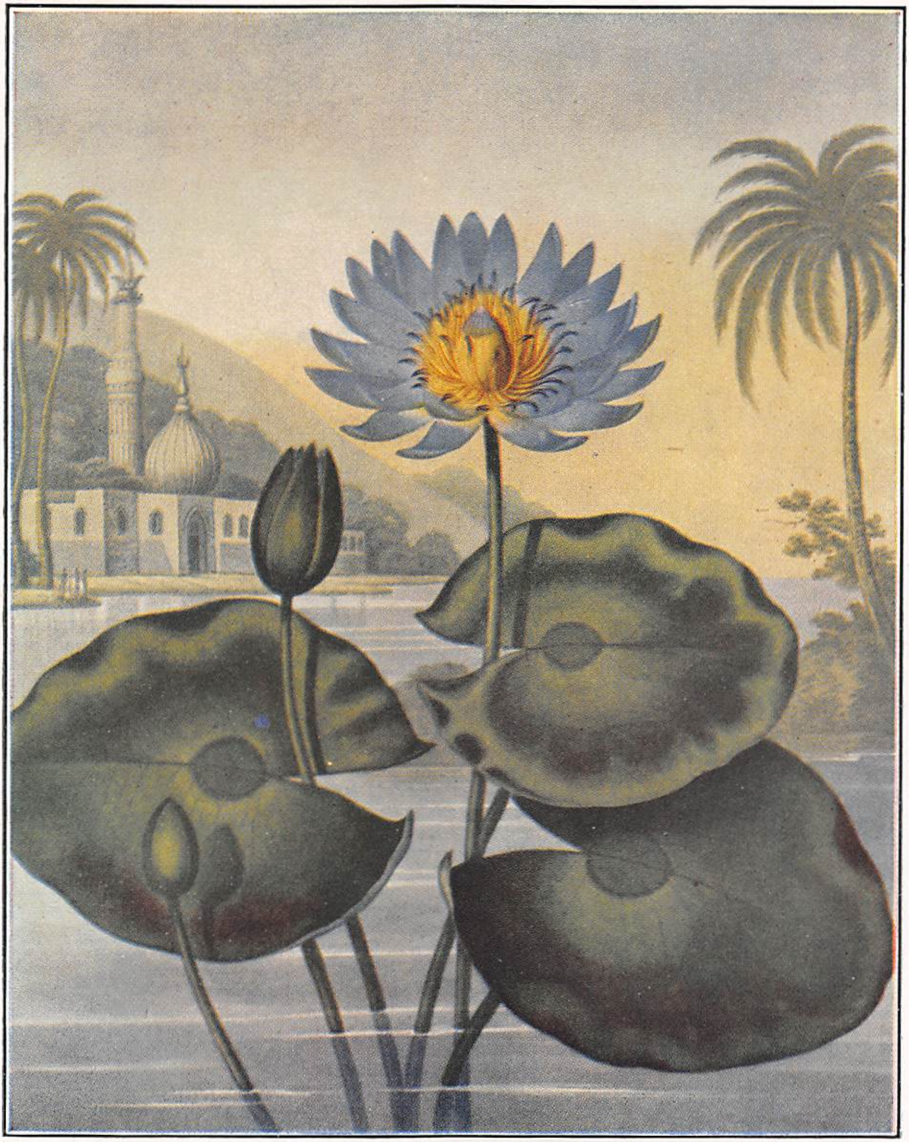
Put a full moon in the sky, and the jungle round it, and a striped tiger glaring through the leaves, and this flower might be opening in a dream canvas by Douanier Rousseau —a dream of the Tropics. But hardly a thing is known of the Henderson who painted this piece of tropical regalia. Of all English artists who have specialised in plants, he was the most imaginative, whether it was an exotic he drew, or a foxglove.



Henderson, del. Stadler, lith.

THE MAGGOT-BEARING STAPELIA

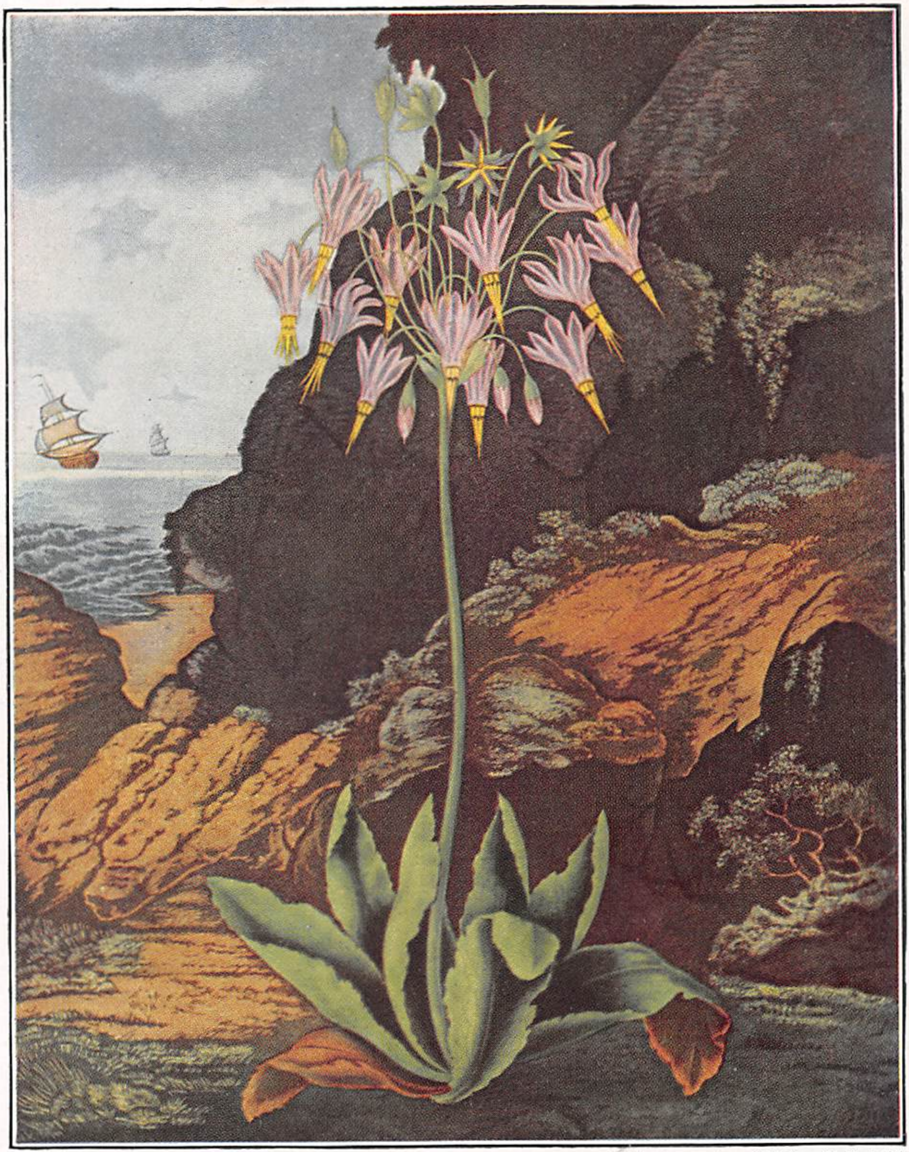
This ominous plant might also have flowered in the mind of a modern artist—in the spidery, coloured mind of Paul Klee. The blossom is like one of Klee's flowers that bloom in the night—a blossom that would have to be imagined if it did not exist already. The macabre name, the fly on the delicately drawn petals, the red-tongued snake, all make it a portrait of mystery and evil, a bad-dream flower.



Henderson, del. Stadler, lith.

THE BLUE EGYPTIAN WATER-LILY

A dull, subnormal servant girl told an analyst of a dream she had had: walking along to a snow-surrounded pool, on the black water of which floated pink water-lilies. Here, too, is a dream-vision, with palms and the Nile, and something in the background like the Brighton Pavilion. Rather to be preferred to this kind of botanical jargon of 1936: "Flowers cyclic, 3-merous. Perianth n+n, petaloid, caduceous."



Henderson, del. Stadler, lith. *Prints by courtesy of Major R. Radcliffe*

THE AMERICAN COWSLIP

Delicate romance—a good-dream flower; the romance of coloured embroidery, of wax plants under a dome, of a sea-anemone vivid in a rock-pool. And what a change after the colour-photographs of annuals in a gardening magazine. Our technicolour eye, our belief in literal reality, our vulgar colour-jumbling in herbaceous borders, have made us forget the individuality, and the singleness, of a plant. This does *not* belong to the era of fat dahlias named after politicians' wives.

Geoffrey Grigson.

REVELATION

by Joseph Wechsberg

My Life in the Claque*

A GREAT many people whom I have talked to during intermissions at the Metropolitan Opera House seem opposed to the idea of a permanent claque, some going so far as to call it a cheap, disgraceful racket. There was, of course, a permanent claque at the Metropolitan when Gatti-Casazza was director, and there were permanent claques at La Scala, Milan, the Paris Opéra, the Prague National Theatre, and the Warsaw Opera, where at one time a fellow by the name of Artur Rodzinski acted as claque chief. And there was nothing disgraceful about the claque at the Vienna Staatsoper, which I had the honour of belonging to in the middle twenties.

The claque was far more exclusive than the aristocratic Jockey Club. To become a member of the claque you had to know by heart the scores of popular operas—all arias, recitatives, solo numbers. In addition, some courage and diplomacy were essential.

The claque chief's name was Schostal. He had become a claqueur under Gustav Mahler and at one time or another he had worked for Scotti, Hesch, Titta Ruffo, Chaliapin, Galli-Curci, Farrar, and Caruso. The claque consisted of thirty to forty regulars, youthful lovers of good opera, most of whom, like myself, were somewhat insolvent students at the Vienna Conservatory or the Akademie für Musik und Darstellende Kunst. If we had two schilling, we would rather spend them for an opera ticket than for a dinner. However, we had to eat now and then, so we all tried to get into the claque. The "work" was fun and we were given a free admission to the standing room. Schostal was a citizen of the world and liked foreigners, so at one time there were two Frenchmen, a Czech, a Chinese, an Ethiopian prince, and Childs, an American pianist from Cleveland, among his employees.

I met Schostal one night after the opera. Pachtinger, a fellow violinist at the Conservatory and a member of the claque, took me to the Peterskeller, a noisy, smoke-filled cellar across from the Staatsoper and frequented by night chauffeurs and bums, where Schostal was sitting at a table in the rear, near a battered piano. He was a powerfully built man with a black mustache and sideburns and an immense bald head. His family owned large textile mills in Moravia. When Schostal, a passionate opera fan, discarded the flourishing textile business in favour of the claque, the disgraced family broke off relations, except that every year they sent him a Christmas parcel containing material for a new suit—always the same material, blue serge. This accounted for Schostal's wardrobe of nineteen more or less worn blue serge suits.

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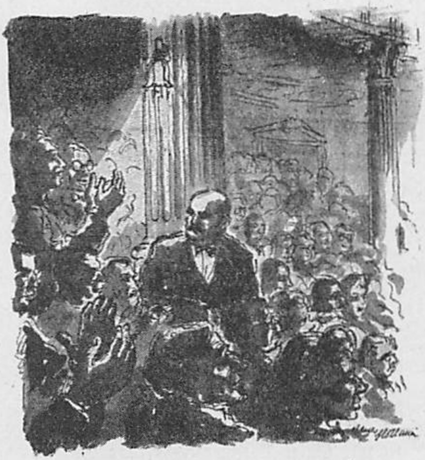
* *A Claque was a body of professional applauders who operated in some continental theatres before the war.*

Schostal listened while Pachtinger introduced me, and then moved over to the piano and hammered out a few bars from "Salome," "Fledermaus," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Walküre," and "The Queen of Sheba." After each piece I had to tell the act and the scene from which it came. The air was heavy with the smell of goulash and cigars, and the guests were noisily discussing politics. Schostal held his beer mug in his left hand and played the "Liebestod" with his right. "All right," he said to Pachtinger. "We'll try him out at 'Tristan' next Sunday. There is little to do."

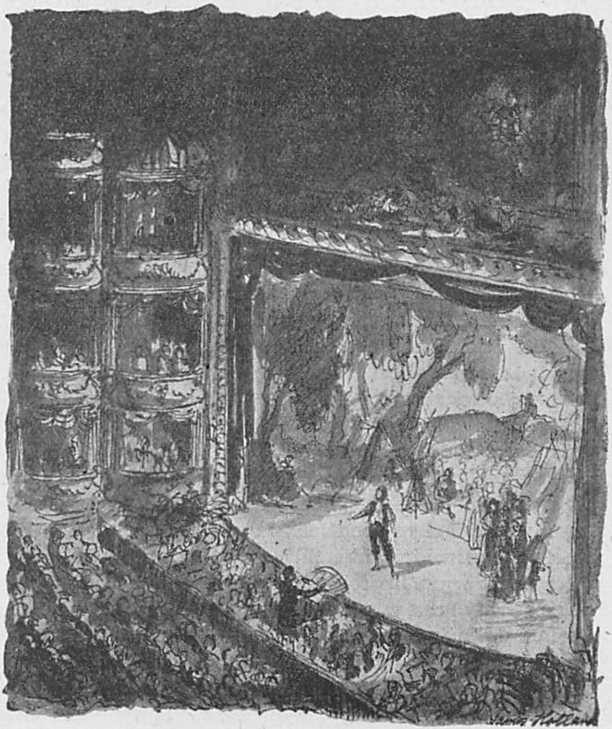
A CLAQUEUR'S operatic perspective is really upside down. "Tristan und Isolde," "Walküre," "Götterdämmerung," "Pelléas et Mélisande," and "Elektra" are extremely "light" operas. The claque works only at the end of each act; there is no other applause. On the other hand, Rossini, Massenet, Verdi, Puccini, and Bizet operas are very "difficult." Take, for instance, the second act of "Carmen," a claqueur's nightmare. You start working right after Carmen's gipsy song, "Les tringles des sistres tintaient," and you applaud after her dance with the castanets. Then Escamillo enters (applause), sings his famous "Couplets" (applause), and leaves (more applause). By that time the public is likely to applaud spontaneously after each number. The trouble is that the enthusiastic listeners are apt to break into "wild" applause in the wrong places, such as in the middle of an aria, after an effective high C. In Vienna, where opera was a way of life and even the small boys discussed opera as they discuss baseball in this country, "wild" applause was considered heresy and one of the claque's functions was to influence public acclaim into orderly channels.



Our claque's base of operations was high up in the fourth balcony, where the acoustics were best. At the extreme left, Schostal occupied a Säulensitz. This was one of the two seats behind each massive marble pillar, from which you could not see the stage. They were sold at half price, mostly to music-lovers who did not care or to out-of-town people who did not know. From his headquarters, overlooking the balcony, Schostal directed the claque, which was scattered around in inconspicuous groups of two or three.

Schostal had a perfect sense of timing and he had a showman's instinct for the mood of the public. He could feel whether an aria was going over or not. A claqueur's most unpardonable crime is to start applause which is not taken up by the public and perhaps is even drowned out by enraged hisses. Schostal seldom made a mistake. He himself never applauded during a performance—generals do not shoot rifles—but at the end of an exceptionally good one he would step down to the breastwork and benevolently clap his hands for the stars. They never failed to look up and give him a smile. During an ordinary, more or less routine performance, Schostal would get up from his seat shortly before he had to give a cue, and the claqueurs, throughout the balcony, could see his bald skull shining under the pillar lamp. There would be from ten to thirty of us, depending on how many clients we had in the cast. At the critical moment he would give the cue to three lieutenants standing behind him, and they would start applauding in a cautious, subdued manner; the rest of us would fall in, and within three seconds a wave of applause would sweep the house.

The business of giving the cue demanded perfect timing. Many operatic arias end with a high, sustained note and the artists deliberately build toward that ultimate bravura effect. You have to start applauding at the instant the last note ends, while the public is still under the singer's magic spell. To start too early, as do all amateurs, spoils the carefully calculated effect. If you wait too long, the conductor leads the orchestra right into



the next piece and the opportunity for a spontaneous ovation is gone. Conductors hate it if the singers get too much applause during the acts, because they want to get home and take off their dress suits and stiff collars.

There was not any special training. Newcomers to the claque would be assigned to a group of claqueurs operating during the less "difficult" operas. I worked during "Tristan," "Siegfried," and "Salome" before I was given my first independent assignment, just before a performance of "Rigoletto." At a brief conference in the foyer preceding the opera, Schostal gave me orders to start a "short salvo" after Rigoletto's monologue in the second scene of the first act. It was a difficult job; baritones are always a little hard to handle when co-starred with famous divas and tenors, and Rigoletto's recitative, short and not especially impressive, is followed immediately by Gilda's appearance.

I WAS standing with two fellow claqueurs at the extreme right of the balcony. On special occasions, when there was a great deal of work to be done, Schostal always appointed extra lieutenants who were stationed at various points in the balcony. They would individually start the applause on their own initiative, which gave a better impression of spontaneity than if Schostal started it all himself.

Rigoletto began his soliloquy, "Pari siamo!" My heart was beating wildly. I stared down into the vast dark auditorium, with two thousand people silently listening, and I thought I would never have the courage to clap my hands. I had the absurd feeling that everybody would turn around and look at me. My cue came and I sent a prayer to heaven, hoping that somebody else would applaud first, but nothing happened. I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and boldly clapped my hands. Then there came response from other spots in the balcony, from the boxes and the orchestra stalls, and suddenly a cataract of applause was sweeping the house. It was the sweetest sound I've ever heard. During intermission, Schostal called me to the buffet in the foyer and bought me a Dehmel chocolate cooky for twenty groschen and a glass of water for ten groschen, which was his way of promoting a novice to a full-fledged senior member of the claque. This meant I could come any night I wanted to and get my free ticket.

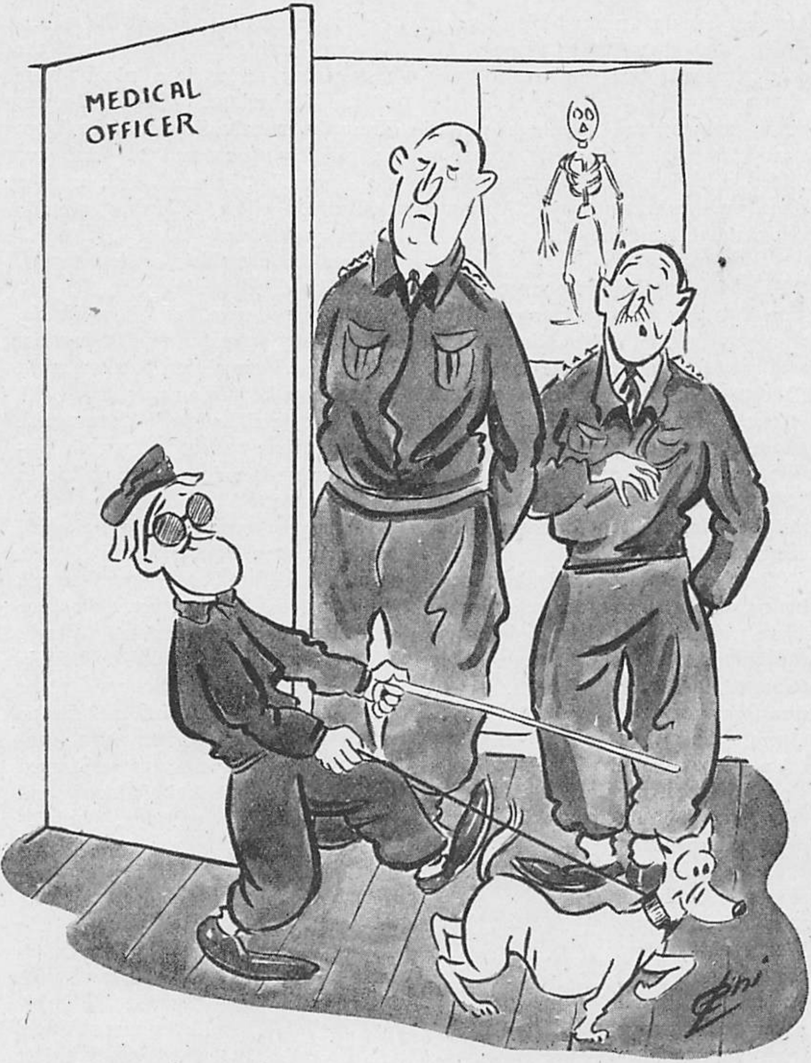
Members of the claque never got anything except the ticket. We had nothing to do with business details, which were attended to by Schostal. Of course, everybody knew that he was given money by the singers and that he bought the tickets and kept part of the money for himself, but this seemed fair enough. There was no set fee. The artists gave him as much as they thought applause in a particular rôle was worth. They all knew that Schostal was incorruptible and never took money from singers who were not good enough for special applause. Once the ambitious wife of a Viennese big-shot manufacturer was to sing "Tosca." The tycoon called Schostal to his office and offered him a thousand schilling for tickets and another thousand for himself. Schostal said, "Sorry, but Madame is not good enough," and left. The furious husband bought up hundreds of seats, which he distributed among his acquaintances, but the result was disastrous. They applauded at the wrong moments and the enraged public started hissing. From his seat, his hands folded in his lap, Schostal watched the tragedy with grim satisfaction. Madame was through for ever.

IF Schostal really liked a great singer, he did not mind working without any compensation. When Kirsten Flagstad sang for the first time in Vienna, Schostal went to see her and offered his services. Madame Flagstad refused, unaware of the local practice. After the first act of "Tristan," Schostal said, "She's great. Get going, boys." The next day Flagstad sent for him and became a steady client.

The claque was frequently denounced by the critics, who were reluctant to share with us their right to influence the public, but it was nevertheless tolerated by the directors of the Opera. Some of them, like Felix von Weingartner and Franz Schalk, preferred regulated applause to the enthusiastic outbursts of amateurs. Bruno Walter always had some kind word for us. (Schostal never took money from any conductor.) Richard Strauss considered the claque a necessary evil, like the ladies of the chorus, the ticket-jobbers outside the Opera, and the cockroaches under the plush seats of the Kaiserloge. When Clemens Krauss became the director of the Opera he publicly threatened to "rub out the claque." Schostal took up the challenge. The following evening Krauss conducted "Don Giovanni." Schostal bought thirty orchestra seats, which he distributed among those of us who owned tuxedos. When Krauss entered, we started a terrific ovation. During the intermission Schostal asked Krauss how he liked our work.

"Don't be ridiculous," Krauss said. "The applause was made by my followers. Since when do your boys sit in orchestra seats?"

During the second act, we applauded too early after Don Giovanni's "Deh vieni alla finestra" and started several "wild" salvos. After the cemetery scene several of our boys shouted "Bravo, Walter!" and when told by kindly neighbours that Krauss, not Bruno Walter, was conducting, they looked dumbfounded and unhappy. The midday papers played up the story and for weeks thereafter Krauss was greeted by malicious friends with "Bravo, Walter!" After that, Krauss did not object to the claque any more.


MEDICAL
OFFICER

"Well, what seems to be your *trouble?"*

by Barbara Pemberton

Courious Habits of Bats, Moths and Earwigs

Another extract from the novel nobody will publish

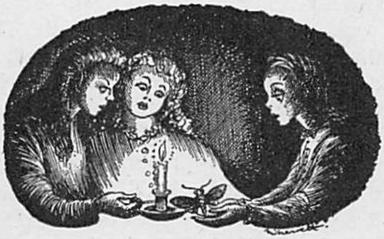
THE maids said if a bat got in our hair it would flutter, flutter and make such a fussywussy mess of our hair it would have to be all shorn off before you could get the bat out again. Apparently hundreds of their friends had had bats in their hair, always with fatal results; bats seemed to spend the entire night trying to find long-haired girls they could get all tangled up with. On the other hand earwigs spent the day and sometimes night finding ears to creep into, with intent to make the earowners go deaf for life or raving mad. Then bats got in belfrys too, so these two loathsome creatures caused havoc as far as I could see.

Our sweep got an earwig in his ear and went quite deaf in one ear, but after about ten years it suddenly woke up (it was Spring) and came running out of his ear and never returned as far as I have heard, so the sweep could hear perfectly again and grew quite fameous; they said there were more affaliation orders against him than any other man in the village, but that may have been because he used to arrive so early in the morning.

I always slept with my hair tied under my chin as a protection against both these pests. It didn't look very inviting for bats, all tied like that, and kept my ears well covered, but it was frightfully hot and scratchy in summer.

Some nights we would wake to the awful plopping noise of bats flipping around our bedrooms, we would cry BAT, BAT, and anyone who heard was in honour bound to come to our rescue with pillows, tennis racquets or any other suitable impliment for shooing bats away. We dared not light a candle because we were so afraid of the bats seeing our hair, and it was all rather frightening rather like a witches sabbath. When Kathleen and Chloe felt lonely or had a nightmare they would cry 'Bat, O a Bat,' and when we loyaly dashed to their bedroom they proved to be quite batless so we came to an agreement that unless they said BatX we wouldn't bother to help them. An X at the end of any word ment it was extra true, and no one dared lie with an X in case God struck them dumb.

Nan was frit to death of moths and almost had hysterics when she discovered them in her room, Chloe and I would catch them for her on condition she gave us a Minto (she always had a store of sweets and chocolate in her neat drawers). Sometimes when we were hungry we would catch moths and put them in her bedroom on our way to bed. Nan really had good reason to be afraid of them, before the resrection she hardly noticed the things, but even now after all these years she is as frit as she was that summer evening we found those dead moths in the attic. They were a kind called Bobhowlers and were about as large as sparrows, we usually found them in the boat house and this was the first time we had seen any dead so we held them near the candle to examine them better. Then to our horror they began to come alive, first their horried little trunks unfurled, gradualy their eyes all lit up and became bright red all glowing, then their furry bodies started to twitch and their wings to shiver but they never became completely alive, not alive enough to walk or fly, the glowing ruby eyes was the worst part of it. We hated them so much but something unhealthy compelled us to spend most of the night reserecting these dead moths, we felt kind of powerful, like God, but it was disipointing that as soon as we took them away from the candles rays they collapsed again. Eventually we went to bed and the next morning I just sicked and sicked till I'd got all the horror out of me, but Nan didn't.



Contrast in Nymphs

A Fine Figure of a Girl

Gigantic Nymph! the fair Kleinhovia *reigns,*
The grace and terror of Orixia's plains.
O'er her warm cheek the blush of beauty swims,
And nerves Herculean bend her sinewy limbs;
With frolic eye she views the affrighted throng,
And shakes the meadows as she towers along;
With playful violence displays her charms,
And bears her trembling lover in her arms.

ERASMUS DARWIN

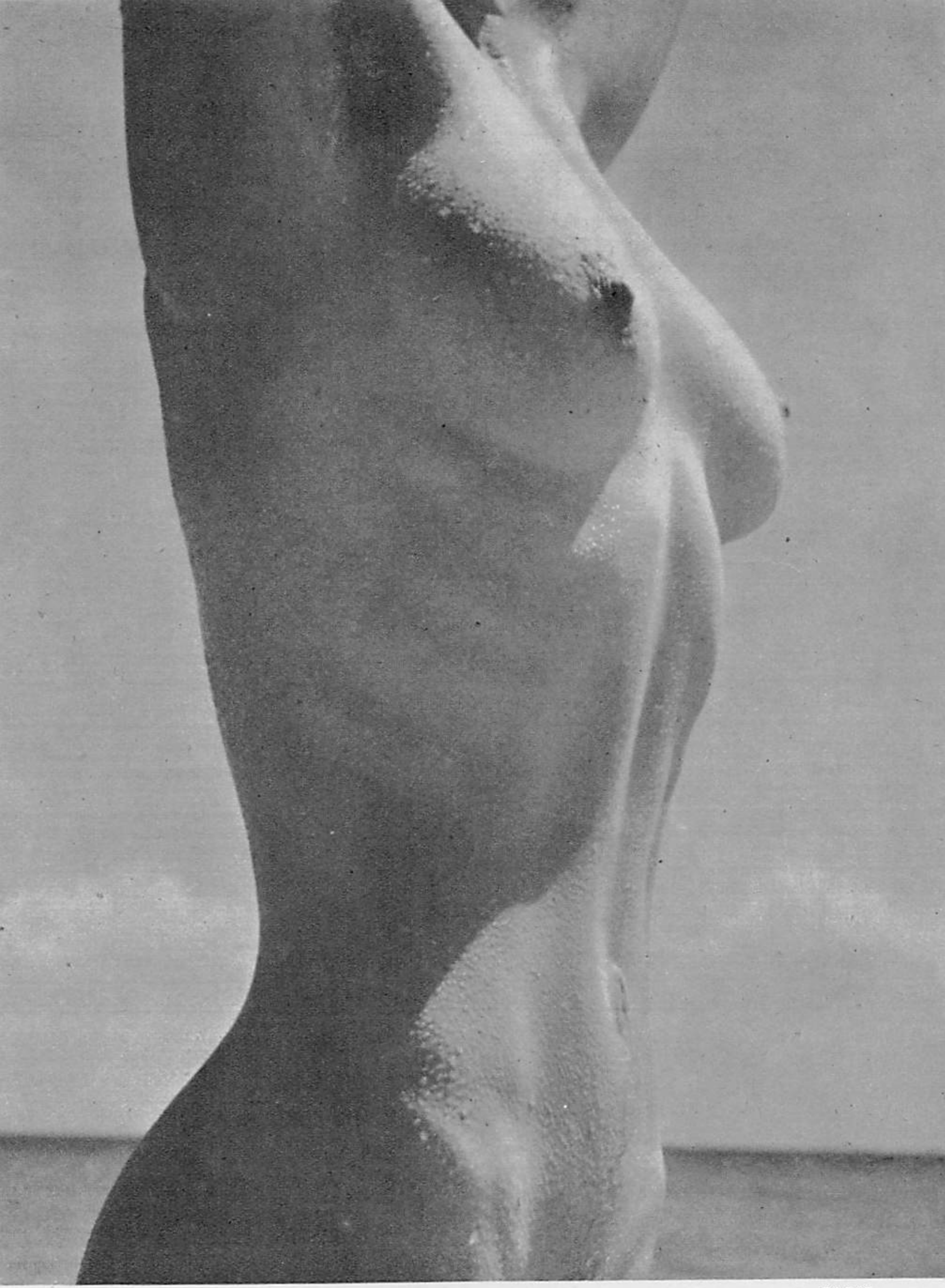
The Kind we Prefer

Shy one, shy one,
Shy one of my heart,
She moves in the firelight
Pensively apart.

She carries in the dishes,
And lays them in a row.
To an isle in the water
With her I would go.

She carries in the candles
And lights the curtained room,
Shy in the doorway
And shy in the gloom.

And shy as a rabbit,
Helpful and shy.
To an isle in the water
With her I would fly.—W. B. YEATS

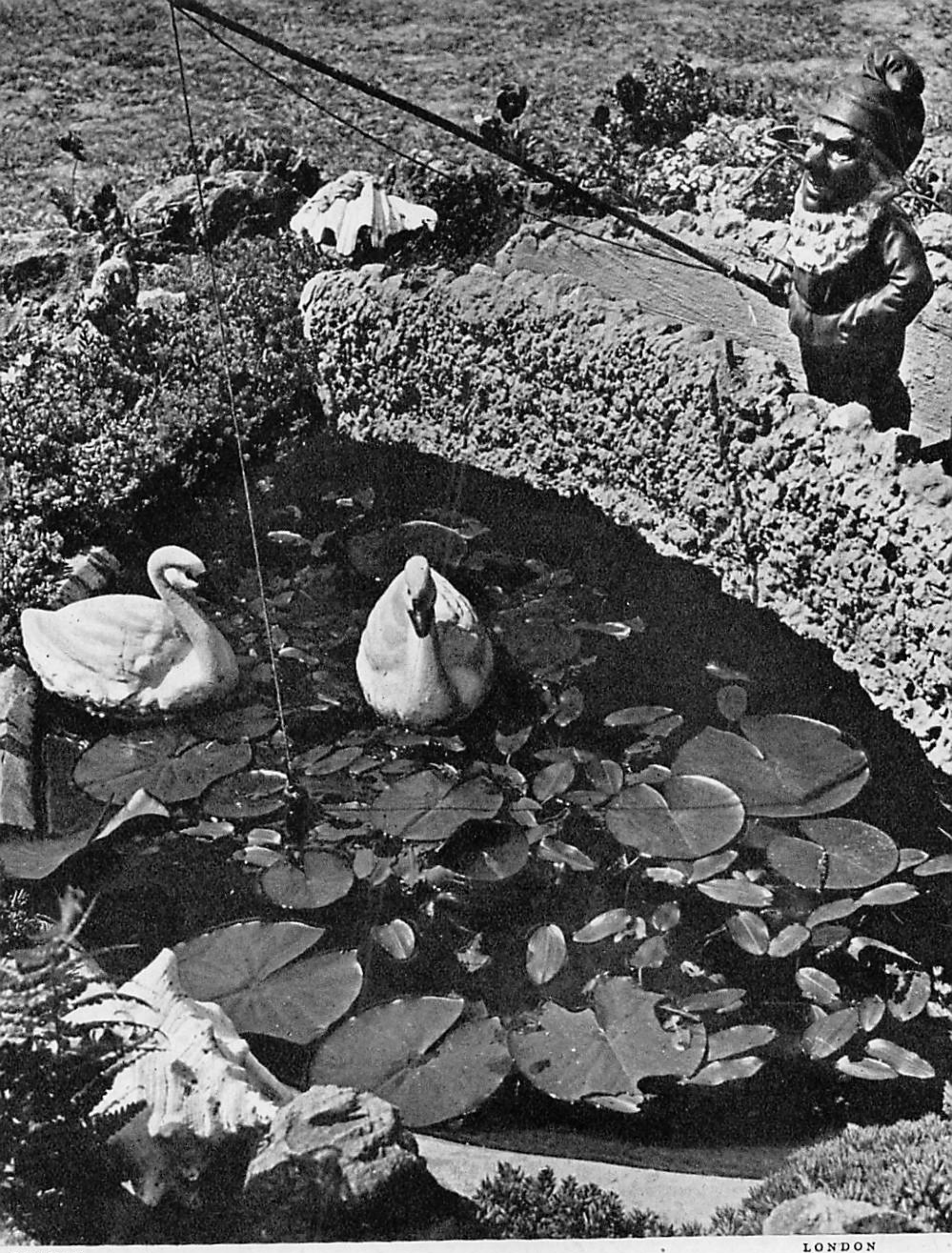


BOUCHER PARIS

PRIVATE BEACH

PICTORIAL PRESS LONDON

ANGLING



BRANDT LONDON

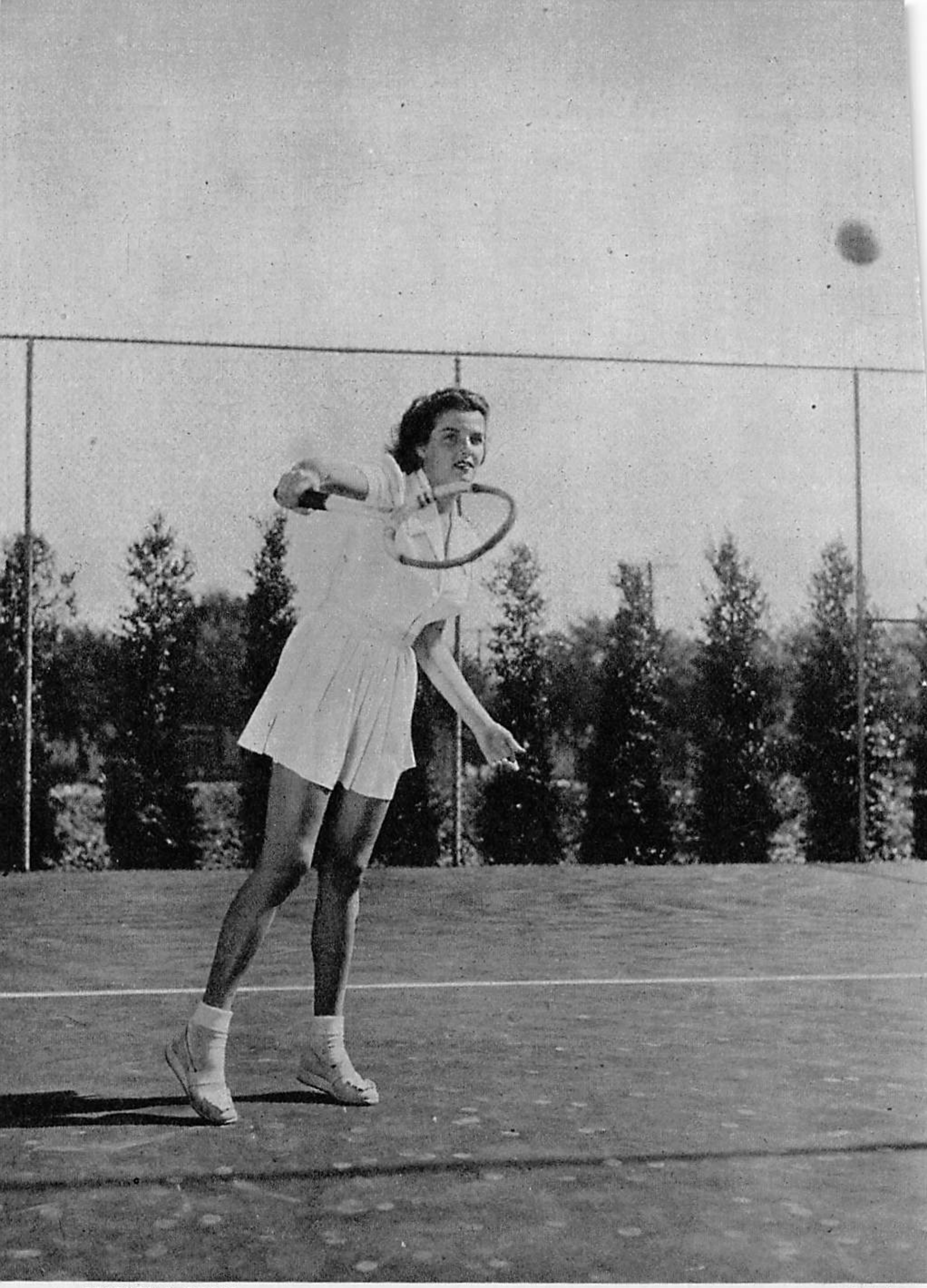
DANGLING

LAELIA GOEHR AMERSHAM

"I WONDER IF HE'S GOT A JOB FOR ME!"

FOX LONDON

"I WONDER IF SHE'LL GIVE ME HER VOTE!"

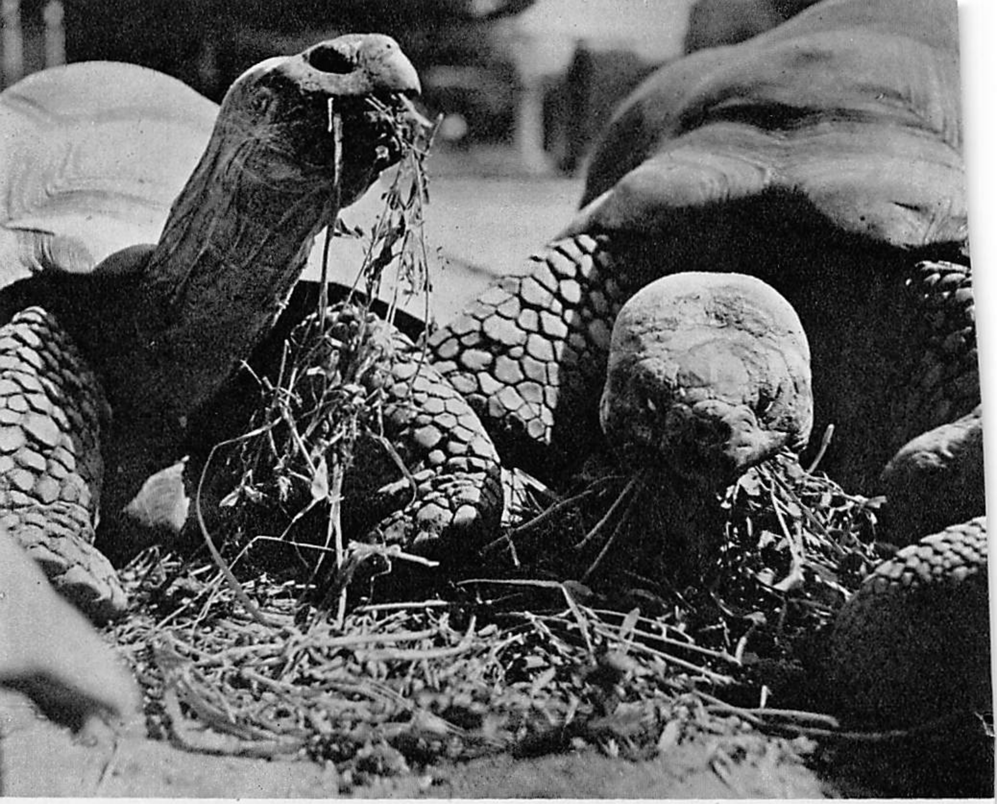


PICTORIAL PRESS LONDON

"HOW'S THAT?"

PICTORIAL PRESS LONDON

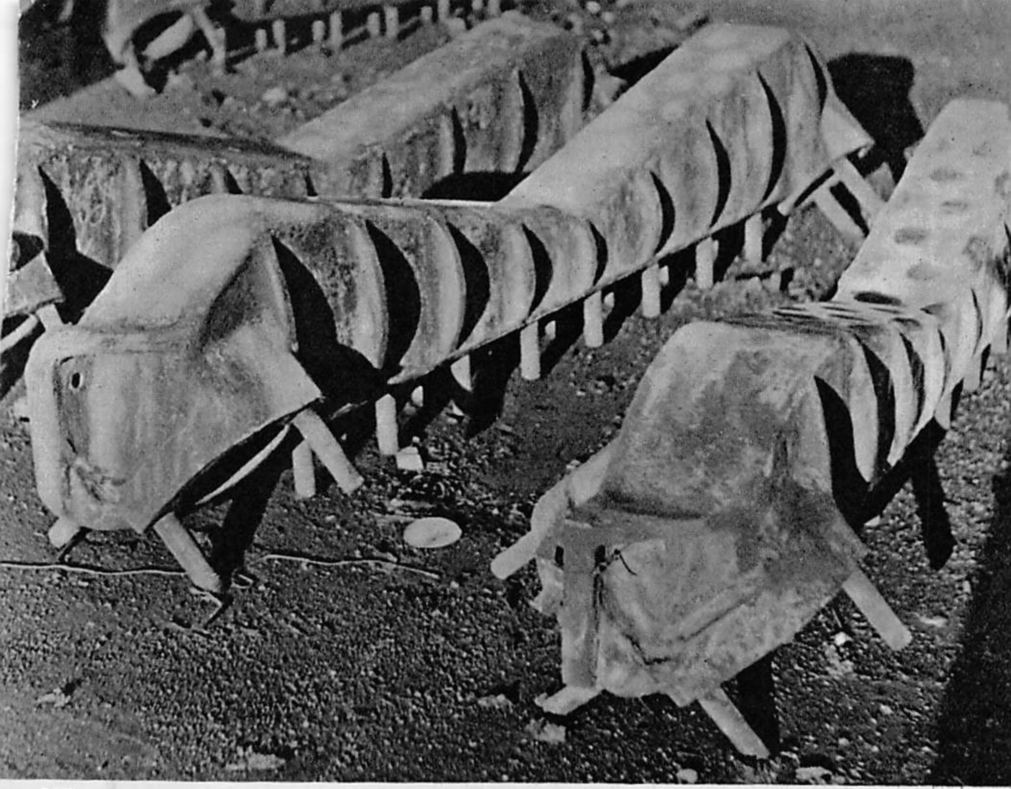
"BETTER THAN I EXPECTED"



FOX LONDON

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son,*
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch,
Beware the Jub-jub tree, and shun
The frumious bandersnatch . . ."

*Giant tortoises



FOX LONDON

"*And as in uffish thought he stood*
The Jabberwock, with eye of flame,*
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came."

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*Boiler castings

MUIR LONDON

THE LAST HOLIDAY ALONE

by Clifford Bax

Cheiro, the Famous Palmist

CHEIRO'S real name was Louis Hamon and he was of French stock. He described himself as "a Society Palmist," and this description will probably be enough in itself to tell the reader that he flourished in the 'nineties and the nineteen-hundreds. He is of interest because undoubtedly he was the most successful fortune-teller of whom we have any record. In addition to hand-reading he practised a system of numerology and, no matter how strong may be our prejudice against both palmistry and any divination by numbers, we have to admit that this man impressed a good many exceedingly notable people. It is true that he was uncommonly good looking and that he always dressed in the height of fashion; but he cannot by mere appearance have gained the serious consideration of King Edward the Seventh, Mark Twain, Lily Langtry, Sarah Bernhardt, Oscar Wilde, Sir George Lewis (the divorce expert), Lord Russell of Killowen (Lord Chief Justice of England) and even the great Mr. Gladstone.

It is true, of course, that famous persons may be gullible. Cheiro's record, however, is so remarkable that only a very rash thinker will decide on the spot that he was a mere charlatan. Sometimes we have only his word for the successes which he claimed, but in most cases his statements could have been checked by people who were still living when he made them. In his memoirs he says that, meeting Parnell some years before the affair of Mrs. O'Shea, he warned that seemingly icy Irishman that a woman would bring him to disaster. At a party in Mayfair, at an early date in the 'nineties when Oscar Wilde was at the pinnacle of his success, Cheiro observed to him, "The left hand is the hand of a king, but the right is that of a king who will send himself into exile." Wilde, we are told, gravely repeated this phrase and immediately left the party. On an earlier occasion he had written in Cheiro's autograph book, "The mystery of life is the visible, not the invisible." In the same book Mark Twain wrote, "Cheiro has exposed my character to me with humiliating accuracy. I ought not to confess this accuracy; still, I am moved to do it." Mr. Gladstone accorded the palmist a long interview in the old statesman's country home, showing a special interest in Cheiro's numerology system. The interview went on for so long that eventually Mrs. Gladstone, thinking that her husband ought to rest, broke in upon it with the intention of sending Cheiro home, but Gladstone (according to his guest) remarked, "My dear, this has been one of the most interesting afternoons I think I have ever spent. I am not fatigued—I am now going to show this young man the gardens, for it is he who must be tired." Among the signed palm-impressions which Cheiro collected were those of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, Joseph Chamberlain and Austen Chamberlain. Public personages have to guard their reputations, and I cannot think that a charlatan could achieve such trophies.

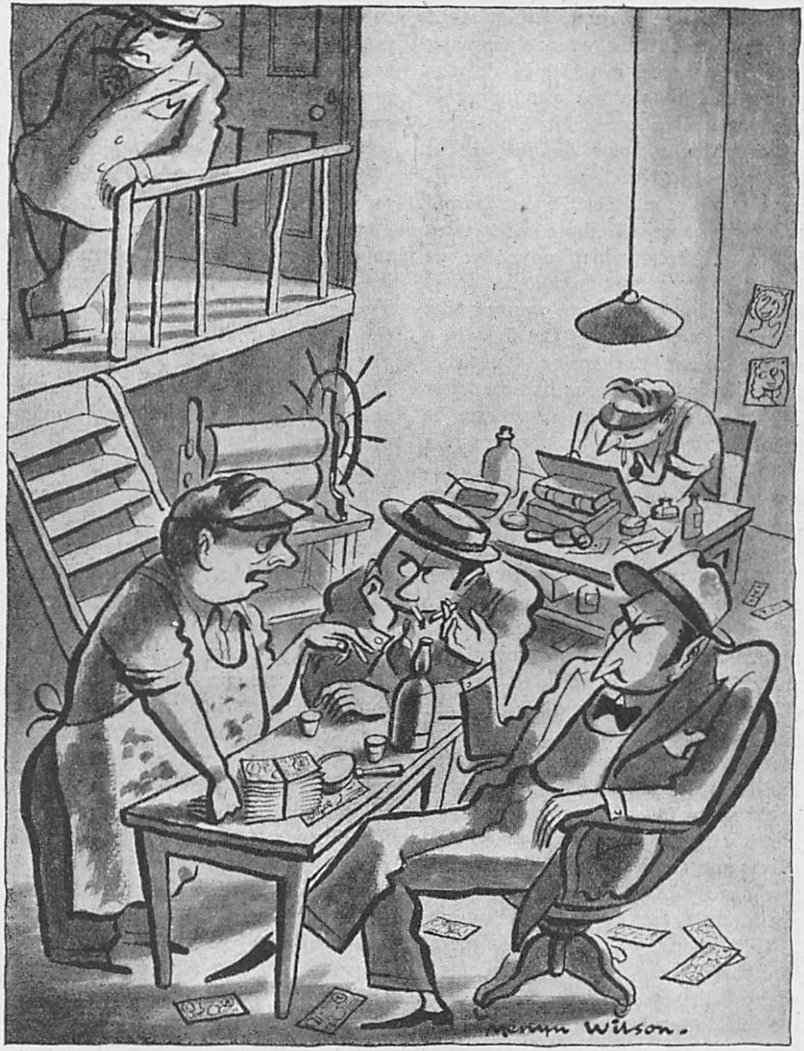
And then there is King Edward the Seventh. No man would be such a fool as to attribute to the King words which the King had never spoken. Cheiro first read King Edward's hands while a curtain concealed from him the identity of his sitter. Later he reminded King Edward of this incident. Cheiro, as became a man of his lineage, worked hard in the cause of the Entente Cordiale, that brave effort to persuade Englishmen and Frenchmen that they liked one another. Indeed, he went so far as to found and to edit (at considerable loss) an "Entente" magazine, and in order to give it a good push-off he sent a copy of the first number to King Edward. In his covering letter he wrote to remind the King that he was "the man who, your Majesty said, 'will not let me go beyond sixty-nine.' " King Edward died in his sixty-ninth year (1910).

WHAT are we to make of all this? If we read Cheiro's memoirs we shall certainly not gain an impression of a profound thinker, but most readers would feel, I believe, that he had genuine confidence in his faculty and even in his number-systems. But can there be any truth in numerology and palmistry? A modern man inclines at once to the view that if you begin to juggle with numbers you can persuade them to "reveal" whatsoever you wish, and that the lines on the hand are mere natural creases which could only have seemed significant in the marvelling childhood of Man. Most scientists, of course, pronounce against palmistry without so much as looking into an elementary text-book—such, for example, as Cheiro's own "Palmistry for All." This hardly seems a method by which human knowledge will advance, nor is scientific orthodoxy an improvement upon the theological orthodoxy of the Middle Ages. I know nothing of numerology; but I have studied with some care both palmistry and astrology, and I believe that any unprejudiced investigator would find that a horoscope does declare the temperament and character of its subject. On the other hand, I believe that such an investigator would sadly conclude that it is impossible to read the past or the future by astrology.

Similarly I believe that the shape of the hand and the shape of the fingers will give you a clue to the type of person whom you are observing.

Palmists divide finger-shapes, for instance, into four types, the square-topped (matter of fact), the conical or cone-shaped (artistic and sensuous), the spatulate (adaptable, the most usual form of finger), and the pointed (unpractical and intuitional). This rudimentary tabulation may, I think, be relied upon. Again, there seems to be good evidence that a *melancholic* suicide does have a headline which droops right down into "the Mount of the Moon," that is to say, the fleshy part of the hand above the wrist and lying

(*Continued on page* 66)


Mervyn Wilson.

"It's about my pay-as-you-earn, Boss"

(*Continued from page 64*)

under the little finger. In much the same way, Dr. Garnett, Librarian of the British Museum, wrote a pamphlet (now very scarce) in which he demonstrated that insanity has been indicated, over and over again, in horoscopes where Mercury and Uranus are at loggerheads with each other. The hand-impressions of melancholic suicides and the horoscopes of those who went insane are facts which anybody can look at. They cannot be ridiculed away. Moreover, palmists have averred that in senile decay most of the lines in a hand, except the major four that normally look something like the letter M, fade and ultimately disappear. Is it so? I cannot tell you, but here is a simple test which scientists could follow up with very little trouble if only they would get off their high horses.

MOST unprejudiced persons will probably suspect that Cheiro honestly believed in his palmistry and numerology, but that he scored his successes because he was a clairvoyant. The genuine clairvoyant can get himself on to the right wavelength by various means. The best-known of all prophets, Nostradamus, beheld visions when he gazed into a large burnished mirror of metal. Everybody knows about crystal-gazers and about those who try to tell fortunes by cards. Some people can go inwards merely by looking into a drop of ink. It is possible therefore that Cheiro, coming into contact with another personality, did actually see certain events in the past and the future but, precisely because he believed in his systems, proceeded to adapt the systems to what he had seen.

Any claim to foresee the future brings us up against the toughest of all ancient problems—Fate or Freewill? If the future can be dreamed or foretold, then it must have been predestined and we can do nothing to alter it. If the future is open to modification by our own effort, then obviously it cannot be foreseen. Perhaps this is not quite such a blind-alley as at first it looks to be. I think we ought to admit that the future is—to some extent—already arranged. The reader may know, for example, the books of Mr. Dunne in which he gives many instances of correctly dreaming the future. Psychical-research records are crammed with similar evidence.

The solution of the old problem may lie in the words "limited freewill." Let us recall that Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, we cannot prove that we have freewill, but every man is certain that he possesses it." The reader is unlikely to conquer the world, but he may well become chairman of his Borough Council. He is unlikely to found an enduring religion, but he may better the thoughts of his immediate circle. He is unlikely to become a millionaire, but by effort he may double his present income. The future, therefore, may be as adaptable as water which, if opposed by a pebble or a boulder, will discover another method of getting finally to the spot which it had in mind. The major events of life may be predestined, and yet we may still have power to modify the manner in which they will arrive. If this be true, Cheiro's accurate forecasts need not have been lucky shots. I find it very difficult to believe that they were.

by Alfred Perlès

The Case of the Censor's Headache

IT is not giving away any military secrets to say that there has existed since 1939, centralised in London, a Postal Censorship Department which keeps a check on all correspondence with foreign countries. Nearly everybody receiving a letter from Ireland, Spain, Switzerland or South America, etc., can tell from the envelope that the message has been opened by Examiner number So-and-So. The same procedure is of course being followed in the case of letters from this country to addresses overseas.

For this purpose the censorship department employs an impressive number of Examiners, both British and foreign. Generally speaking, each Examiner is concerned with one language only: his own. As a rule, the British are not great linguists. There are a few, of course, who have a thorough knowledge of French, Spanish or German, and they are used to examine correspondence in those languages. But the Postal Censorship Department would have been a pitifully inadequate service if it hadn't availed itself of the aliens in our midst. The Department employs a large number of Czechs, Finns, Hungarians, Yugoslavs, Rumanians, Russians, Armenians, Arabs, Greeks, Esthonians, Chinese, Hebrews, Japs, Burmese, Tibetans, Africans, Red Indians, etc., etc. Needless to say, the loyalty to this country of all these aliens was firmly established before they were given such important and confidential jobs.

I am not quite sure if my figures are correct, but I believe that Postal Censorship can to-day cope with mail in some eighty-odd different languages and dialects. Every Examiner is an expert. Nearly all of them have been employed in this capacity for over five years, and during that time they have developed an almost uncanny flair; some are so good they can smell suspicion before they actually read a letter; they can tell from the handwriting, spacing, margin, colour of ink, if a letter is suspicious. Their flair borders on clairvoyance.

It goes without saying that if an Examiner conceives the least doubt, the letter is immediately handed over to a special department, where chemists, scientists and code experts, equipped with the latest devices, examine the message for secret inks, codes, etc. Once a letter thus suspected to contain a message for the enemy reaches this department, it is extremely rare that the mystery is not cleared up.

With the exception of French, Spanish, German and Italian, all foreign languages are called "uncommon languages." A visit to the "Uncommon Languages Department" is an experience in itself. My old major once politely referred to the place as an ethnographic museum; but when I first went there myself I thought it was much more like a visit to the Zoo. What fauna! I should have paid sixpence to see some of those specimens in a side-show. They don't talk, the room is smothered in silence. But all the strange languages they read seem to rise above the silence, forming eddies of thought, little whirlpools of conflicting etymology, which grow to an almost audible hum, if you stay long enough in the room.

ONE day a wholly incredible and unprecedented thing happened in the "Uncommon Languages Department." A letter addressed by somebody to somebody else in a foreign country was brought in for censorship. The foreman frowned. The letter went from desk to desk, and back to the foreman: nobody could make head or tail of it. The linguists were flabbergasted. They understood eighty-odd languages, but the letter was written in none of these. After a long and slightly scurrilous conference, the majority decided the letter was written in Goomba-goomba, an idiom spoken in a certain region of Central Africa.

What was to be done? Was the letter to leave Censorship uncensored? The Chief of the Department gave the matter a good deal of thought, and finally decided to contact Aliens House, where they seem to be keeping an efficient check on all the aliens in this country. By a stroke of luck, Aliens House was able to locate a native of that remote part of the world where the Goomba-goomba language was spoken all day long. His name was Amul, and he happened to be a waiter in Soho.

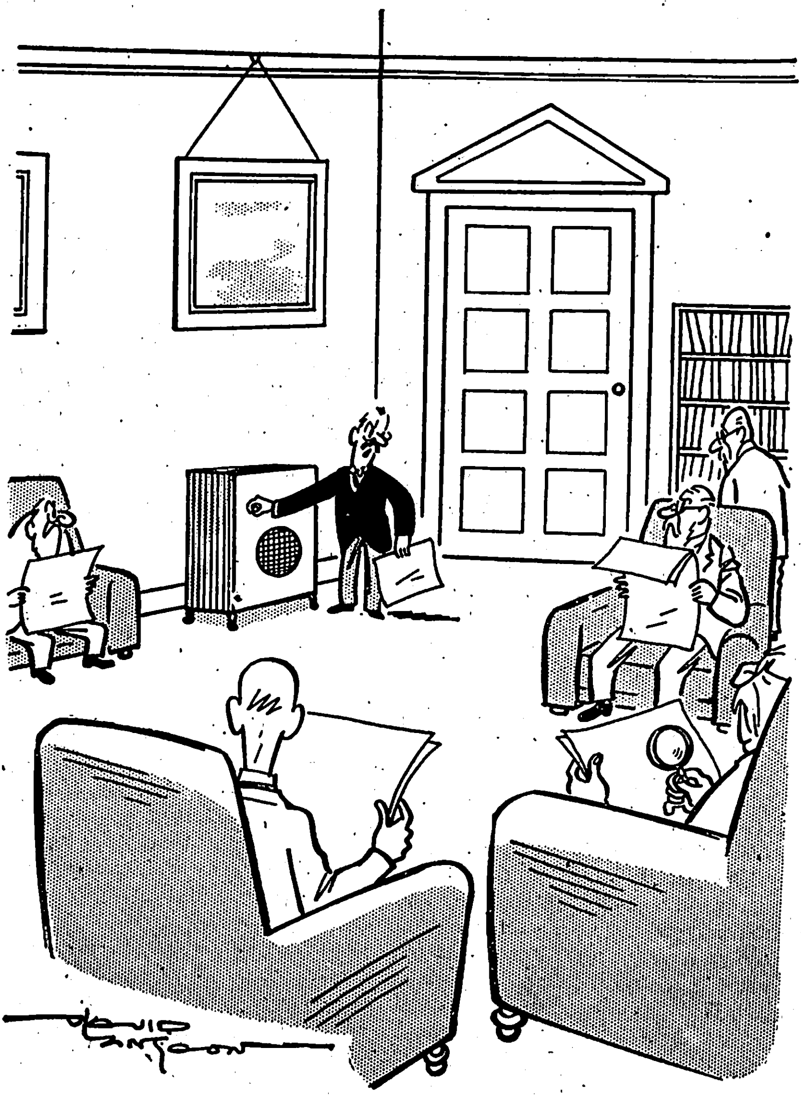
An official of the Censorship Department called on M. Amul, and the waiter had no difficulty in translating the letter. He was paid twelve shillings and sixpence for his trouble, and both Amul and the Censorship Department were content.

About a month later, another letter written in the Goomba-goomba language arrived in the "Uncommon Languages Department." This time, there was no excitement, no conference, no scurrulity. The Department got into touch with the waiter at once, and again M. Amul pocketed his fee of twelve shillings and sixpence.

But from then on, there seemed to be an unaccountable increase in the Goomba-goomba correspondence. At first there was a letter every fortnight; then they came weekly; soon there were three or four letters every week.

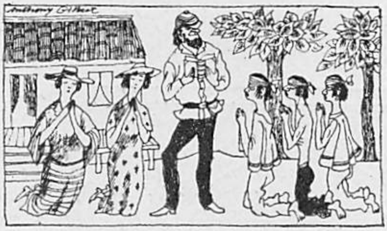
The special department conceived certain suspicions, and a trap was set. Within less than a fortnight it was established that M. Amul himself was the prolific Goomba-goomba correspondent. When confronted with the evidence, the waiter somewhat shamefacedly admitted the fact that he was the author of those letters. But after all, there was no law against writing letters in Goomba-goomba, or was there? he argued.

There was none. The only thing Postal Censorship could do, and did, was to reduce the translation fee to half-a-crown. And M. Amul was earnestly requested to curtail his correspondence.


David Langdon

"Children's Hour: Anybody want it? . . ."

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE



A Letter from a Missionary

To *John W. Young,*
President of Federal Laboratories

"*MY dear John,*

Since writing you last we have been in our Indian station in Agato, Otavalo. We had a week of joyful simple life. Our visit was a blessing to us and we have reason to believe it was also a blessing to Miss Brown and Miss Robel, the two brave girls stationed there. Six or eight Indians showed a desire to follow the Lord and we prayed with them. Some of them had made previous beginnings but had been pulled down by sin. Indian work needs a great deal of prayer.

"Yesterday I saw the Minister of War again and made arrangements to demonstrate to-day. The Minister, two generals, the head of the Police of Quito and a number of officers and soldiers were present. I used the 'Billy' first but I am sorry to say it did not prove a success. I shot it at two soldiers but they were able to stand the gas and get me. I then shot the grenade in a room and asked the men to go in. This was a real success and helped to gain what I had lost through the failure of the 'Billy'.

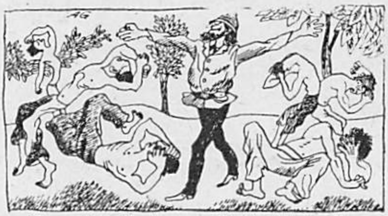
"Colonel Santor happened to be here on a visit and he witnessed the demonstration. I found out through his conversation with the Minister that he, it seemed, secured some gas grenades (larger than yours and black) through the American brewer, Yoder. This is no doubt the reason he has been putting me off. It is more than likely that he got something out of it.

"Before leaving, the Minister asked me to give him the best price on 100 'Billies' and 200 grenades. I told him I would write to you and have you send him quotations and terms direct. . . .

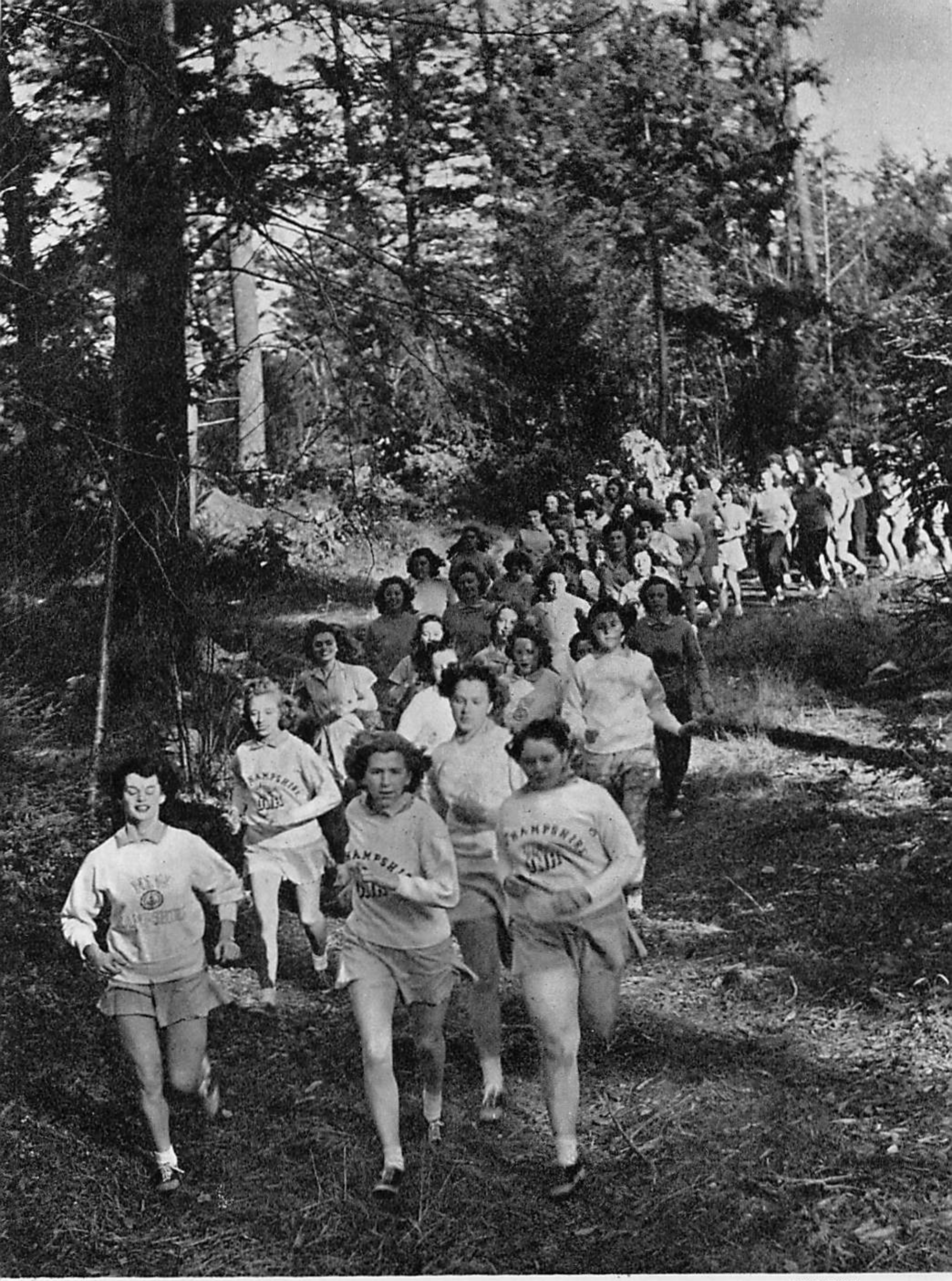
"I have a letter from the Reed boys telling me that they are getting in touch with you. It may be best to have them as your agents from now on but I don't think they should come in for any of this order, as I . . ."

The remainder of this letter is missing—the portion above was used as evidence during an investigation into the private trade in arms held by the Nye Committee in Washington during 1934 *and* 1935.

Mr. Young's company sold explosives and gas to the South American republics.



(*From "Death Pays a Dividend," by Fenner Brockway and Frederic Mullally, published Gollancz.*)


HAMPSHIRE
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NEW HAMPSHIRE

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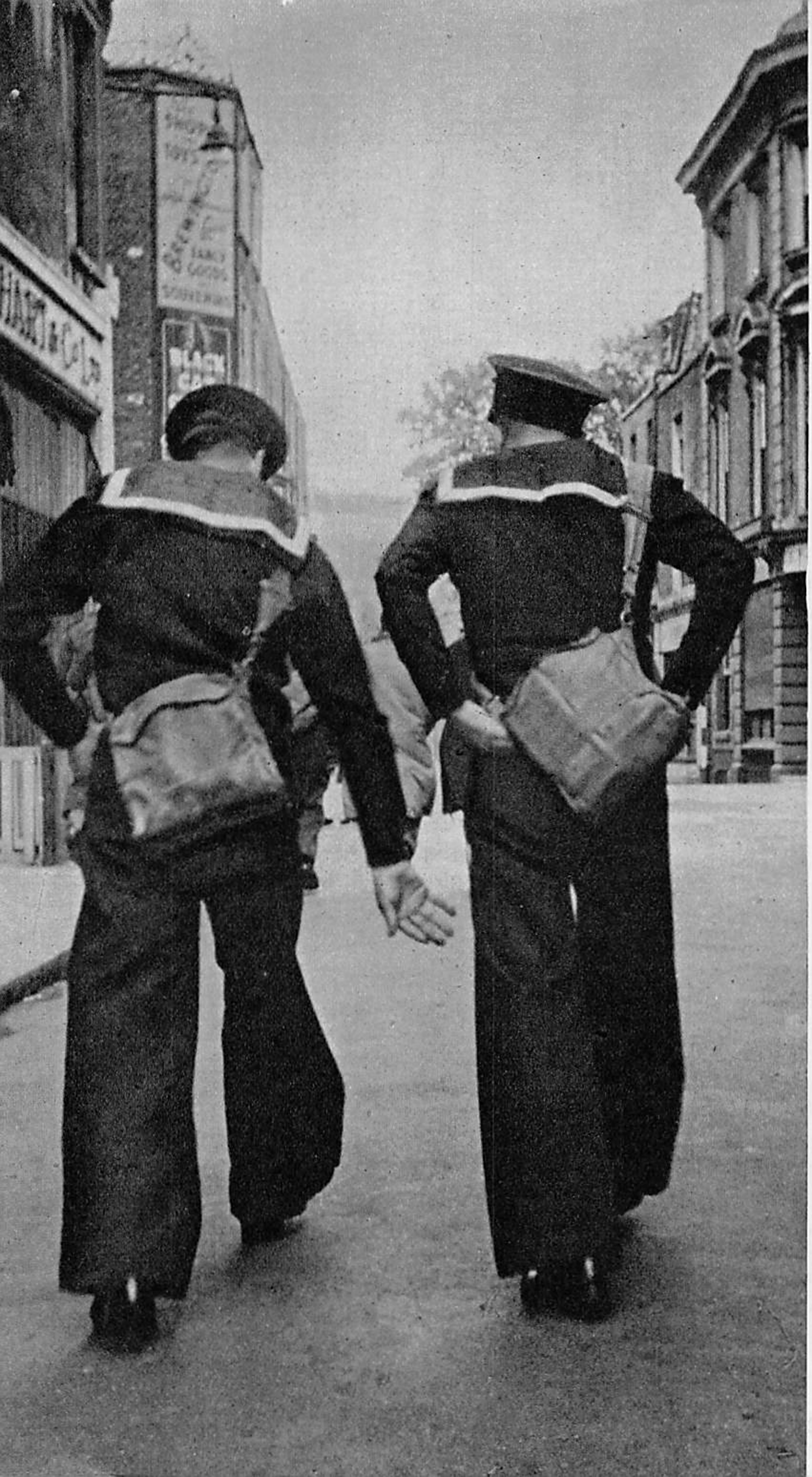
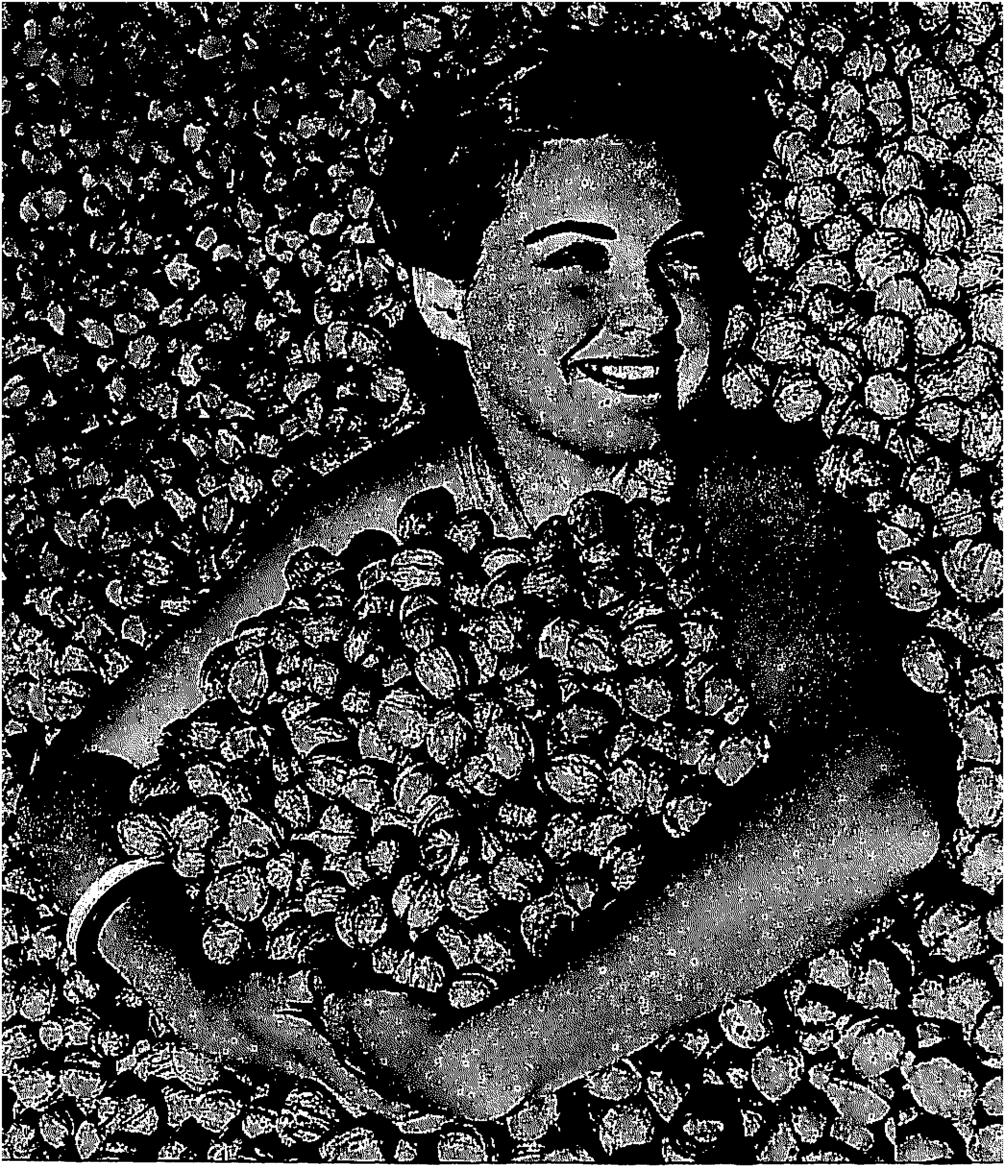
"THERE'S A MAN IN THE WOOD"



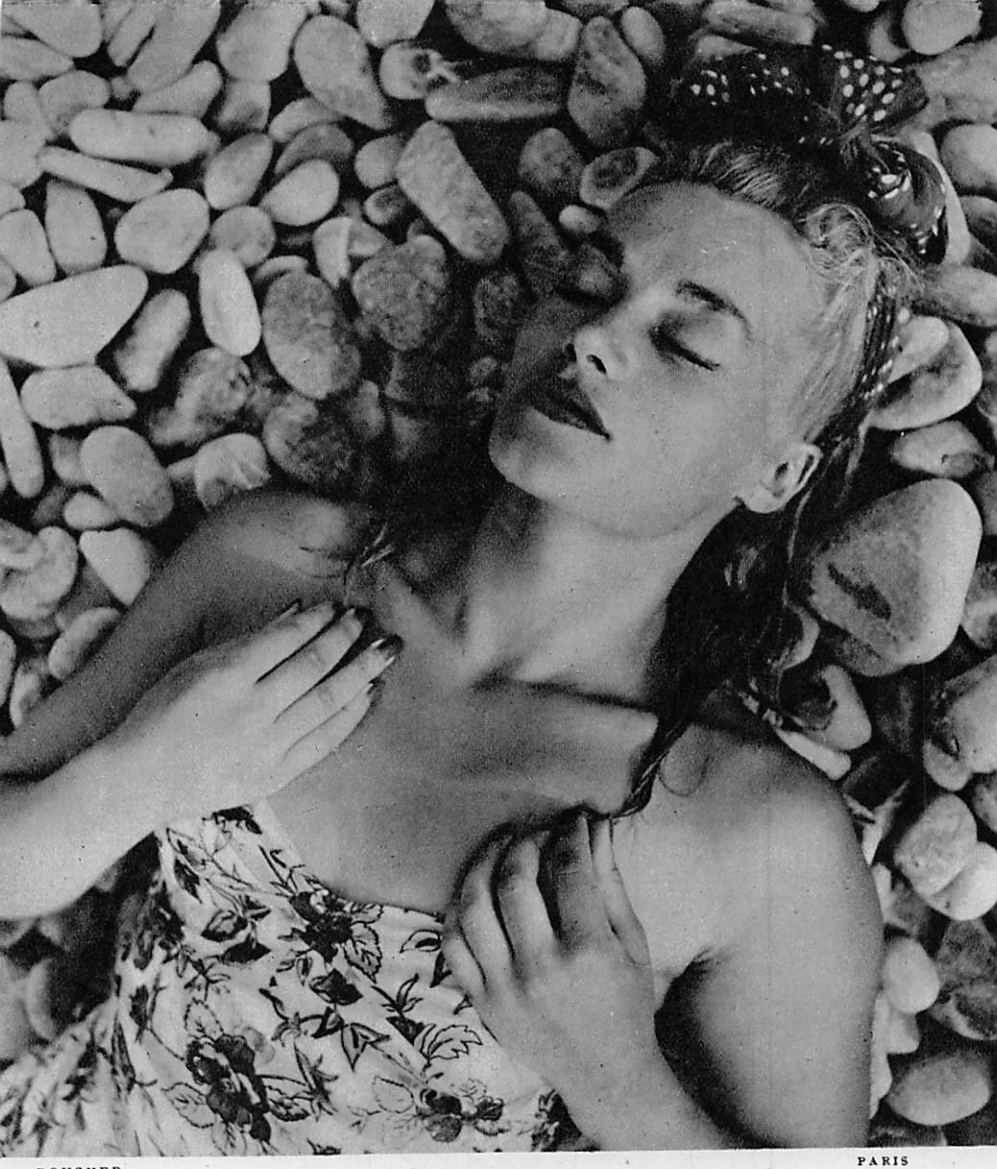
"IT'LL BE
GOOD TO GET
OUT . ."

"AND HAVE A BIT OF A REST"



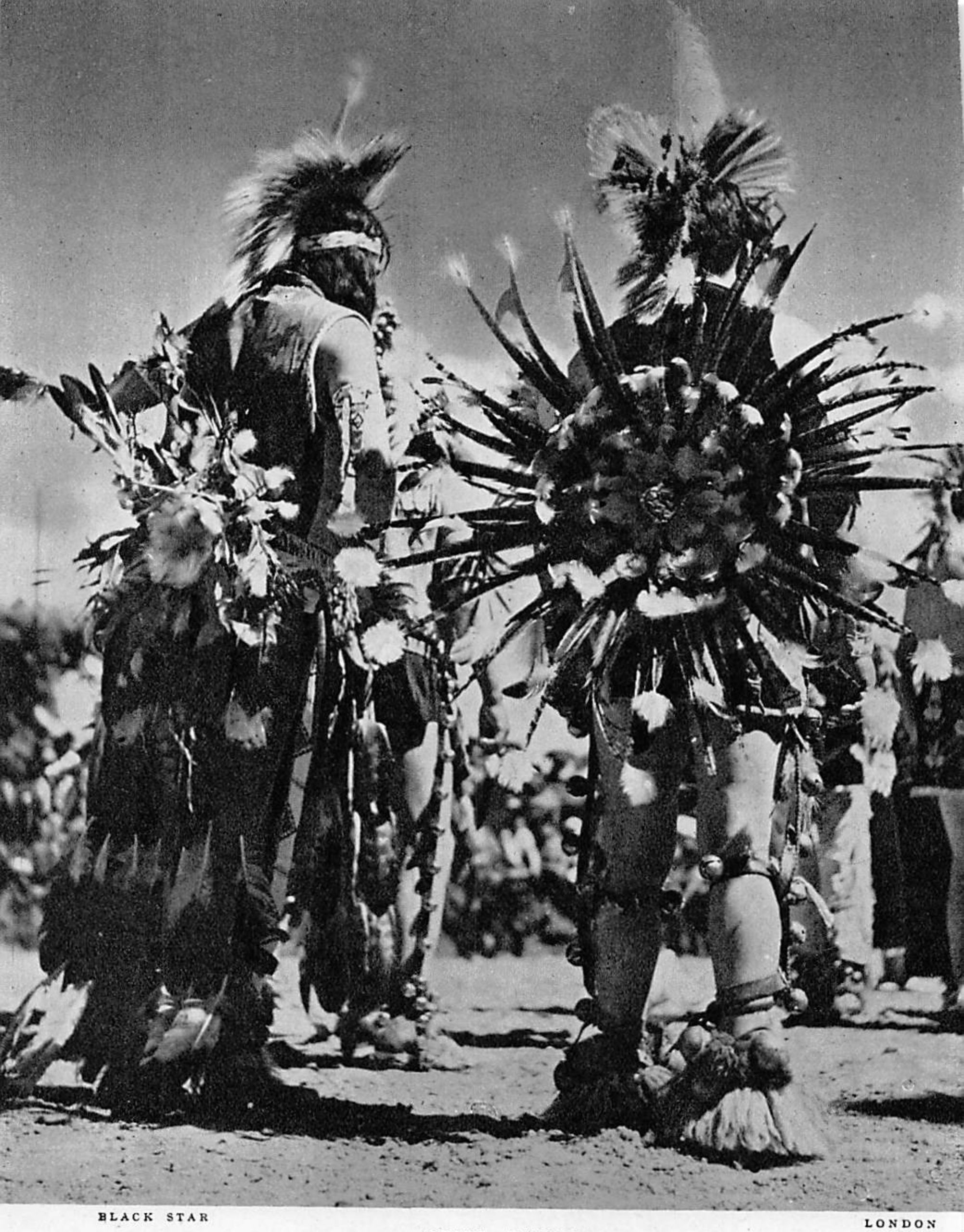
NEW YORK TIMES LONDON

SWEET AS A NUT



BOUCHER PARIS

COOL AS A PEBBLE



BLACK STAR LONDON

DEVIL DANCERS

BLACK STAR LONDON

WITCHES' TREE

SEVERIN

NEW YORK

LAKE IN PERU

EVIDENCE

Anthony Gilbert

by Margot Bennett

Polygamy—Is it Peaceful?

THERE have been many prophets stricken with the revelation that Man should have more than one wife: the advantages of this over the mistress system are numerous, provided the women can be persuaded to accept their status as religiously correct. Only one prophet has ever succeeded in doing this on a large scale.

Mahomet, who made the harem both respectable and desirable, started a system that has been greatly misunderstood by people of other religions, and even, possibly, by some of his own. He never intended that woman should be a mere appendage of man, and bade his followers: "Accept women as they are, with all their curvatures." The Mahometan husband is allowed four wives only, and is enjoined to love them all equally and treat them all alike, an art that must be difficult to acquire. Concubines are also permitted, but as only a very rich man can afford anything over the four wives, harems are usually smaller than we have been led to believe, and often consist of nothing more than two wives quarrelling in a tent. Most Arabs, in fact, have only one wife, but possibly their religious freedom to marry more, even when the marriage would mean economic ruin, gives them a sense of power.

It is true that there are large harems, but these are usually very respectable establishments, a little like an Eastern version of the Women's Institute, according to some Arab writers. We have to accept the Arab description, as very few Europeans have the faintest idea what a harem looks like. It is easy enough to pick up Turkish-Delight-and-eunuch stories second-hand, but, as one writer points out: "Sensation writers can *never* penetrate into that well-bred and exclusive circle, the Harem." However, it is a fact that in some of the smaller, two-women, harems, the first wife occasionally tries to sharpen her nails on the face of the second wife. When polygamy was the routine in Fiji there were many cases of wives whose noses had been slashed off by their rivals.

The English prophets of polygamy have been very minor indeed. The most notable was a man called Prince, who just 99 years ago founded the Agapemone, or the Abode of Love, near Taunton, in Somerset. In this charming country retreat Mr. Prince, who claimed to be divine, and his disciples, who were all moderately rich, shut themselves off from the world and practised religious meditation and, according to the locals, many other things.

The motto of the Family, as the Agapemonites called themselves was

"Hail, Holy Love," the arms were a lion rampant with flag and staff. There were about sixty people in the Family to begin with, and they used to take the air together on horseback and in carriages, with bloodhounds following. The house was run in accordance with Prince's own religious convictions. Merriment was the main rule for all the Family. One of their favourite occupations was playing hockey, particularly on Sundays.

FOR an English affair, this sect had a long life. Prince grew old and died, but his cloak of divinity fell on other shoulders. In 1932 it was reported: "The Agapemone has never appeared so well-kept and prosperous. As the older women die at the Abode, their place is immediately taken by young and pretty girls who come from no one knows where." The men, alas, were not replaced as they died. The self-appointed Messiahs grew older and feebler, until in the end it was reported that the women had taken complete charge.

The Agapemonite Family, it was said, clung together as long as they did, only by sticking to their principles of drinking good wine and swimming in scented pools. These matters are not so easy to arrange today with income tax as it is: our next prophet of polygamy may have to take a more austere stand.

The most successful of the austere polygamists was Brigham Young, who would not have dreamt of running an Abode of Love. Like the Mahometans, the Mormons practised polygamy with sincere religious fervour, but while the rich Mahometan may multiply his marriages to demonstrate his wealth, the Mormon was reputed to bring down his wages bill with every wife. The women of the harem may spend their days polishing their nails: the women of the old Salt Lake City were more likely to be out planting corn in the fields. Even the wives of Brigham Young himself were sometimes chosen for their industry. We are told that the plainest of them all could "knit, sew, weave, dye, make butter, and was generally most efficient."

Brigham Young and all his wives ate together every day and had family prayers afterwards. They led a thoroughly communal life, economically, and, from their point of view,

(Continued on page 82)

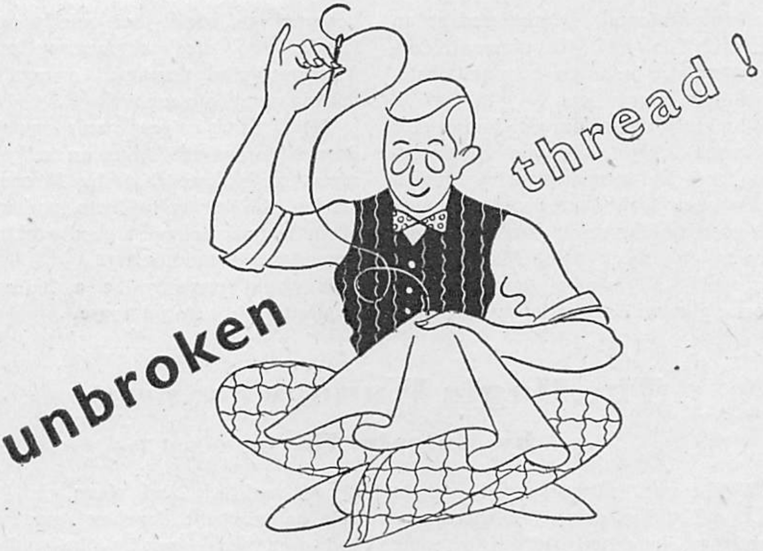
All the best

Here's hoping for quite a number of things, including fewer restrictions and more Old Angus — one of life's many amenities made scarce by war. A timely request for Old Angus is sometimes rewarded.

OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH — *Gentle as a lamb*

OA4m



Fashions may come and go, but English tailoring always commands the world's respect. Great ingenuity is needed just now to overcome war-time difficulties. To tailor a modern suit as Simpsons do to-day, is to show indeed that the English tradition is still maintained. Simpsons prove it !

Simpson
TAILORED

(*Continued from page* 80)

religiously sound. Considered as an essay in domestic happiness, Mormonism was a success here and there, but not everywhere.

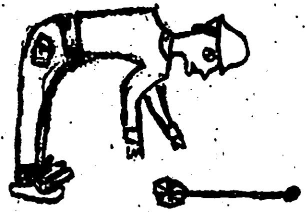
In Brigham Young's house, for instance, there was one domineering and bad-tempered wife, Amelia, who once kicked a sewing machine downstairs because it was the wrong make; one meek wife, Martha, who accepted all snubs quietly; one forthright wife, Harriet, who never hesitated to speak her mind; one, Clara, who died a maniac; one, Margaret, who developed a notably morbid temperament.

The fact that polygamy was long ago dropped from the Mormon religion seems to indicate that the Mormon version, the puritanical form, perhaps, of the Harem, was not a good working proposition in the home.

It would certainly be a hideous proposition in a Portal house.

The Magic Wand (a war story)

by Malcolm Hayes (aged 7)



THE war had just ended, and an old soldier, named by Alfred, was walking along a road, with some soldiers behind him, all at once there was a big bang and looking round, the soldier saw that all the others had disappeared and in their place lay a wand, 'wonder where it came from he said, with a puzzled look.'

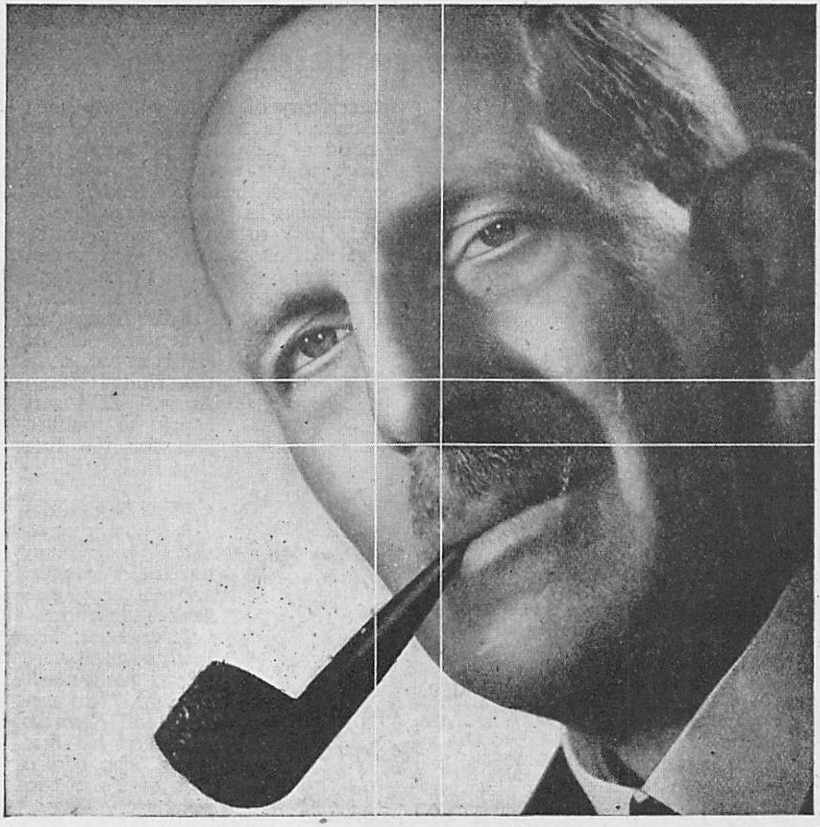
I'll wish he said, and quickly wished to see the owner.

And in a flash there stood a magician, the magician asked what he wanted, a new rifle stormed Alfred, without saying his manners, instantly the old rifle, which he had in his hand vanished, and there, in his belt he saw the loveliest gun he had ever seen, quickly he pulled it out, and this is what I give you in return, he drawled, and quickly shot the magician through the heart.

There was a big roar as the wand jumped from the ground hit Alfred on the nose, which knocked him senseless.

It served him jolly well right, I think, don't you?

Drawings by Sonia Edelman, aged 10.



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One of the few remaining independent Tobacco firms, established 136 years ago.

Contributors to this issue

J. S. Barwell (*p.* 15)
is a New Zealander who came to England 11 years ago to study psychology. Took a Ph.D. and earned living as a teacher and free-lance journalist. Was a familiar figure in the British Museum reading room, invariably hidden between two high piles of books. At present is a serjeant-instructor in the Army Educational Corps.

Malcolm Hayes (*p.* 82)
will be eight on July 30th. *The Magic Wand* is not his first story. He writes us: "I have wrote lots and lots only my mummy put them for salvage. I am very glad you liked it."

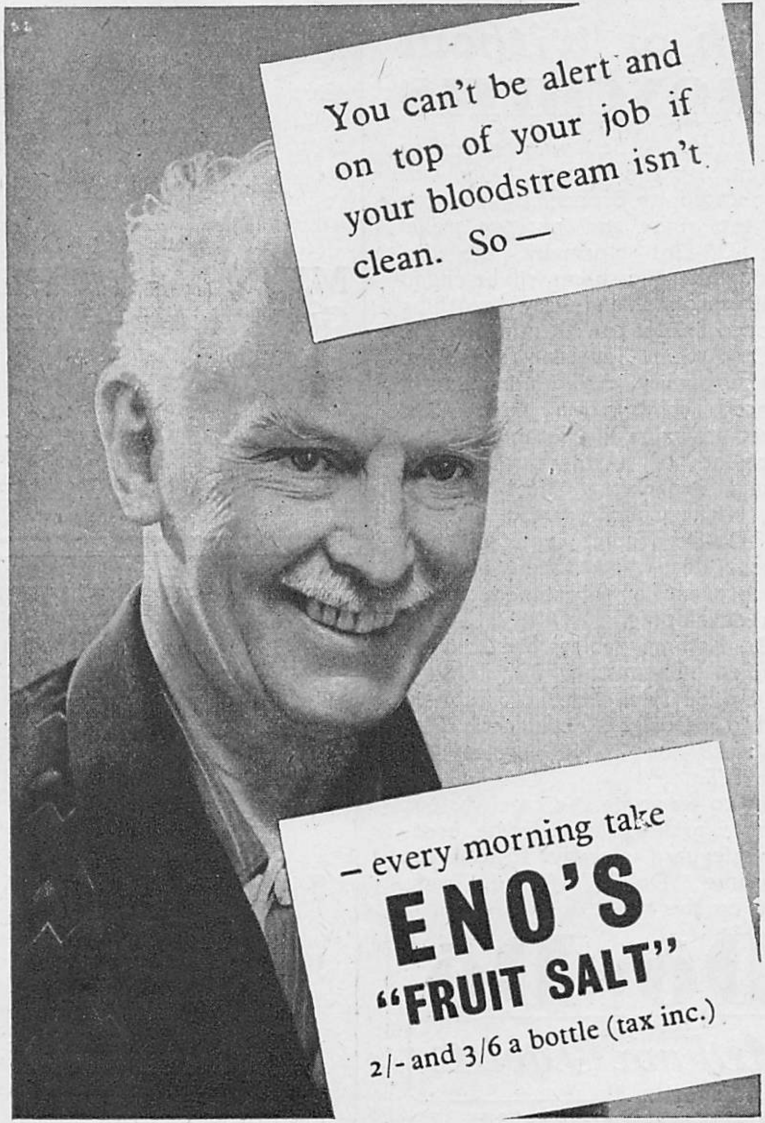
R. F. Delderfield (*p.* 34)
aged 33, first job was as a journalist on provincial weekly, but was determined to become a playwright. After seven years' trying had first play accepted just before the war by the Birmingham Rep. Later wrote *Printer's Devil*, a small-town newspaper comedy which was also adapted for the B.B.C. In 1940 enlisted in the R.A.F., is now a Flight-Lieut. and has written a comedy, *Worm's Eye View*, which is a satire on his life in billets.

Joseph Wechsberg (*p.* 45)
has published this year in America his confessions as "an itinerant fiddler," *Looking for a Bluebird*. Born in Prague 38 years ago, started life as a violinist after studying at the Vienna Conservatory of Music and the Paris Sorbonne. In further pursuit of the bluebird of happiness he worked his passage round world as a musician aboard French steamers, tried his hand as a claqueur in Vienna, a croupier in Nice. Took to writing and reported the wars in Ethiopia, Spain, Manchukuo, was sent to Afghanistan, Persia, North Africa, Canada. Went home and joined the Czech Army in 1938. Became an American subject and is at present in the United States Army. *Lilliput* is happy to publish him for the first time in Britain.

Clifford Bax (*p.* 63)
is a poet, dramatist, biographer, novelist, student, and for forty years has been an enthusiastic cricketer. His best-known plays are *The Rose Without a Thorn*, *The Venetian*, and *Socrates*. Published his first novel, *Time with a Gift of Tears* two years ago.

Alfred Perlès (*p.* 67)
Czech author of *Renegade*, his first English novel. Before the war lived in Paris, where he published a number of books in French. Is at present on the Continent with the B.L.A.

Vic Volk (*p* 18)
born in Winsconsin. When adult developed a gift for caricature and wandering about America cultivating it. In his early forties came to England with the U.S. Army. Has moved on to Germany, but intends returning (for a long visit). Says he finds our Kaustums very Kawngenial.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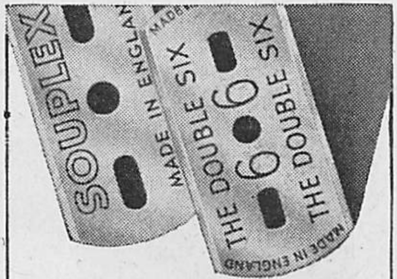

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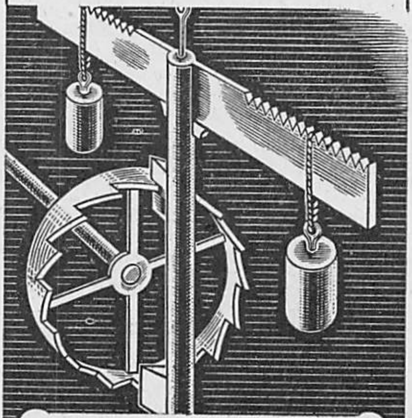

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History tells us that the first mechanical clock was made in 1326 by Richard of Wailingford, an English monk. Motive power of early mechanical clocks was provided by a weight suspended from a rope coiled round a drum, the fall of the weight being slowed down by a heavy bar or "foliot" on top of a pivoted spindle pushed one way and then the other by a toothed wheel. Known as the "Verge," this type of escapement remained in use for over three centuries

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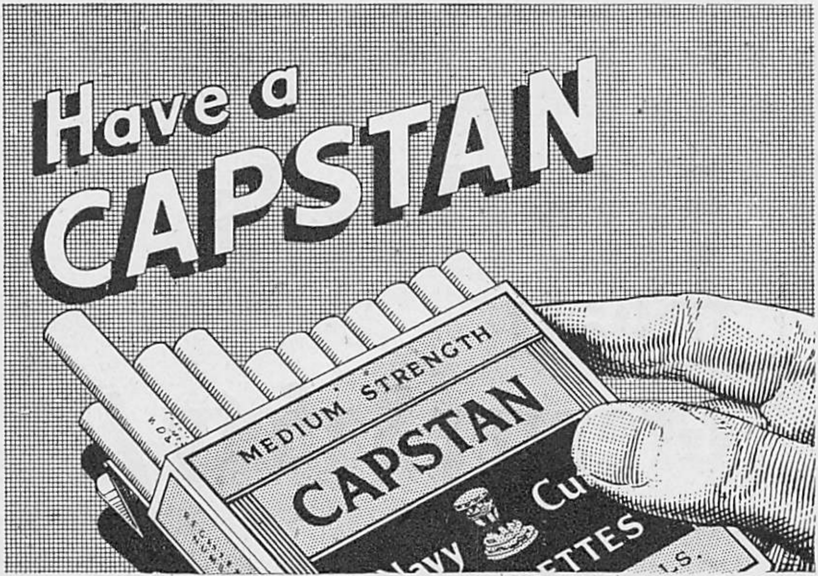
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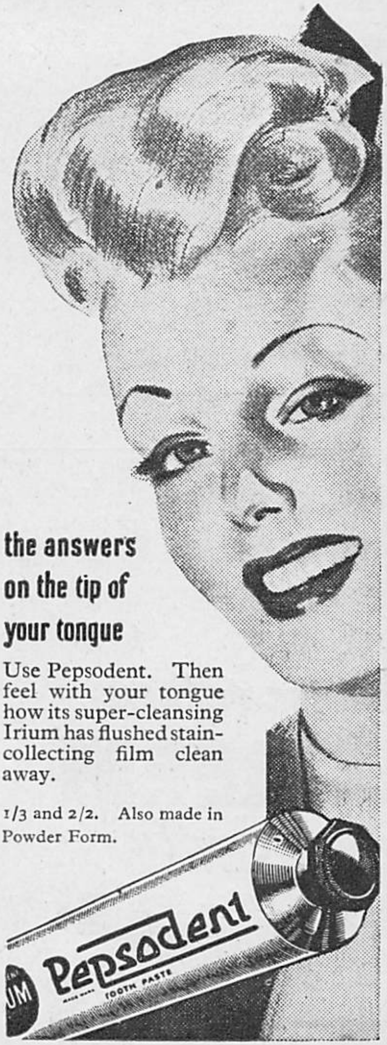

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King Charles was no lounge lizard.
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